SATIRICAL

SONGS AND POEMS

ON

COSTUME:

FROM THE 13TH TO THE 19TH CENTURY.

EDITED BY

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"Pray thee, tell me, fashioner, what authors
Thou read'st to help thy invention? Italian prints?
Or Arras hangings? They are tailors' libraries."

Ben Jonson's Staple of Newes.

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PREFACE.

In reading history, the mind almost instinctively clothes the personages discoursed of in some garb, even if it be as vague as Dr. Johnson's boyish remembrance of Queen Anne:—"a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood." In the same way we associate Queen Elizabeth with a monstrous farthingale and ruff; and her unfortunate cousin, Mary of Scotland, with an elegant cap, still known by her name. It is impossible to read at all without meeting frequent allusions to the fashions, transitory and otherwise, which have been adopted in various ages; and our appreciation of satirical points, and passing reflections, made by our older poets and authors, must depend very greatly upon the knowledge we possess of costume. It was the intention of the Editor of this volume to exhibit this more clearly, by printing original quotations, descriptive

of dress, from manuscripts and rare books, of the fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries inclusive, as an introduction to the ensuing collection; but this has been abandoned, in consequence of the length to which the volume has already extended. He had also intended to append a list of such caricatures as were particularly devoted to the subject, many of which are of great rarity and curiosity: and to show that even numismatology is susceptible of illustration from the same source, the coin known as "the Bonnet piece" of James V of Scotland, and the more modern tradesmen's tokens, frequently exhibit articles of costume. The architectural student meets, most frequently in the buildings of the middle ages, with corbels, and sculptured enrichments of various kinds, which exhibit peculiarities (in headdress particularly) enabling him to fix the date when they were fabricated, by a knowledge of the prevailing fashions of epochs alone. Nor is the literary antiquary less indebted to the same study, for his guide in dating his author.

The ensuing collection is the result of an examination of many hundreds of ballads, and almost as many books, while the Editor was engaged in compiling a volume bearing the title, and descriptive of—*Costume in England.* Although incidental notices of fashionable peculiarities are to be frequently met with, short poems, satires, and

songs, expressly devoted to the subject, are far from common, and it will not be easy to add many to the selection the reader is here presented with. Some of them have claims on attention as pictures of times and manners long since past. Others are curious from the use that has been made of some article of dress as "a hinge to hang a satire on". Some illustrate the allusions of our great dramatic poets, Shakspere and Ben Jonson: others allude to historic events: but all

"Catch the living manners as they rise."

The virulence of satire, the ridicule of song, like the preaching of moralists, have, however, been in all instances vanquished by the fickle goddess, Fashion; whose votaries have been faithful, although like their mistress, "ever changing, ever new." Perhaps their best excuse is in the words of one who has satirized fashionable follies rather severely. Gay, in his opera of *Achilles*, 1733, makes one of his female characters sing—

"Think of dress in every light,
'Tis woman's chiefest duty;
Neglecting that, ourselves we slight,
And undervalue beauty.
That allures the lover's eye,
And graces every action;
Besides, when not a creature's by,
'Tis inward satisfaction."

The wood-cuts which appear in this volume

SATIRICAL SONGS AND POEMS ON COSTUME.

I.

SONG UPON THE TAILORS.

THIS very curious Song is here reprinted with its translation, from Mr. Wright's *Political Songs of England, from the reign of John to that of Edward II*, which forms one of the most valuable volumes published by the Camden Society. The original is in Harleian MS. 978, fol. 99, and is a production of the reign of Henry III; a time when luxury in dress was much satirized, and not unfrequently commented upon by the clergy.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora, dii cœptis, nam vos mutastis et illas,
Aspirate meis.

EGO dixi, dii estis;
Quæ dicenda sunt in festis
Quare prætermitterem?

TRANSLATION.—I have said, ye are gods: why should I omit the service which should be said on festival days? Gods cer-

Dii, revera, qui potestis
In figuram novæ vestis
Transmutare veterem.

Pannus recens et novellus
Fit vel capa vel mantellus,
Sed secundum tempora
Primum capa, post pusillum
Transmutatur hæc in illum;
Sic mutatis corpora.

Antiquata decollatur,
Decollata mantellatur,
Sic in modum Proteos
Demutantur vestimenta;
Nec recenter est inventa
Lex metamorphoseos.

Cum figura sexa mutant;
Prius ruptam clam reclutant
Primates ecclesiæ;

tainly ye are, who can transform an old garment into the shape of a new one.—The cloth, while fresh and new, is made either a cape or mantle; but, in order of time, first it is a cape, after a little space this is transformed into the other: thus ye "change bodies." When it becomes old, the collar is cut off; when deprived of the collar, it is made a mantle: thus, in the manner of Proteus, are garments changed; nor is the law of metamorphosis a new discovery.—With their shape they change their sex; the primates of the church privately close up again what was before

Nec donatur, res est certa,
Nisi prius sit experta
Fortunam Tiresiæ.

Bruma tandem revertente,
Tost unt sur la chape enté
Plerique capucium;
Alioquin dequadratur,
De quadrato retundatur,
Transit in almucium.

Si quid restat de morsellis
Cæsi panni sive pellis,
Non vacat officio:
Ex hiis fiunt manuthecæ,
Manutheca quidem Græce
Manuum positio.

Sic ex veste vestem formant,
Engleis, Tyeis, Franceis, Normant,
Omnes generaliter;

torn; nor is it given, assuredly, till it has first undergone the fortune of Tiresias.—When, at length, winter returns, many engraft immediately upon the cape a capuce; then it is squared; after being squared it is rounded; and so it becomes an aumuce.—If there remain any morsels of the cloth or skin which is cut, it does not want a use: of these are made gloves; a glove is called in Greek "the placing of the hands."—This is the general manner they all make one robe out of another, English, Germans, French, and Normans, with scarcely an exception. Thus *cape*

Ut vix nullus excludatur.
Ita capa declinatur,
Sed mantellus aliter.

Adhuc primo recens anno,
Nova pelle, novo panno,
In arca reconditur;
Recedente tandem pilo,
Juncturarum rupto filo,
Pellis circumciditur.

Sic mantellus fit apella;
Ci git li drap, e la pel là,
Post primum divortium;
A priore separata
Cum secundo reparata
Transit in consortium.

Quid delictum dices majus?
Istud palam est contra jus:
Nam si nupsit alteri,

is declined; but *mantle* otherwise.—In the first year, while it is still fresh, the skin and the cloth being both new, it is laid up in a box; when, however, the fur begins to be worn off, and the thread of the seams broken, the skin is circumcised.—Thus the mantle is made a Jew; here lays the cloth, there the skin, after the first divorce: being separated from its former husband, after separation it passes in reparation to marriage with a second husband.—What will you say is a greater crime? this is clearly against right; for if she have married a second, the

Conjugium est violatum,
Dum fit novo copulatum
Reclamante veteri.

N'est de concille, ne de sene,
Deus dras espuser à une pene,
E si nus le juggium;
Permittunt hoc decreta? non:
Sed reclamat omnis canon
Non esse conjugium.

Pannus primum circumcisus,
Viduatus et divisus
A sua pellicula,
Jam expertus Judaismum,
Emundatur per baptismum
A quacumque macula.

Circumcisus mundatusque,
Est adeptus utriusque
Legis testimonium;

marriage is broken, when a new conjunction is made in spite of the reclamations of the old partner.—It is neither canonic nor wise to marry two cloths to one fur, and so we judge it. Do the decretals permit this? No: on the contrary, every canon declares, that it is no marriage.—The cloth having been first circumcised, then widowed and separated from its skin, now having experienced Judaism, is cleansed by baptism, from every stain (*i. e.* it is dyed).—Being circumcised and cleaned, and having obtained the testimony of both laws, he whom baptism

Quem baptismus emundavit,
Cum secunda secundavit
Pelle matrimonium.

Pilis expers, usu fractus,
Ex Esaü Jacob factus,
Quant li peil en est chaü,
Inversatur vice versa,
Rursus idem ex converso
Ex Jacob fit Esaü.

Pars pilosa foris paret,
Sed introrsus pilus caret
Vetustas abscondita;
Datur tamen, *k'il n'i eit perte,*
Servienti, *pur deserte,*
Mantellus hypocrita.

has cleansed, contracts a new marriage with a second skin.—Being devoid of hair, and worn by use, from Esau having become Jacob, when the hair is fallen from it, the process is inverted, and again conversely from Jacob it becomes Esau.—The hairy part is turned out, but the old part, concealed inwardly, is bare of hairs. Now the hypocritical mantle, in order that there may be nothing lost, is given to the servant for his wages.

II.

THE MERCER.

THIS remarkable *catalogue raisonnée* of "a dealer in small wares" of the thirteenth century, is reprinted from a rare pamphlet of thirty-two pages, privately published in Paris in 1834, entitled *Fabliaux inédits tirés du Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque du Roi, No.* 1830 *ou* 1239, *par A. C. M. Robert, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Royale de Sainte-Geneviève.* I know of no old poem with greater claims upon the interest and attention of the lover of old usages; detailing, as it does, the entire "stock in trade" of one of the most popular of chapmen in the middle ages, and whom we may here imagine ourselves listening to, while he recounts his wares to an admiring crowd, in a country town, on a fair day.

DU MERCIER.

MOULT a çi bele compaignie,
Merciers sui, si port mercerie
Que ge vendisse volentiers,
Quar ge ai besoing de deniers.
S'or vos plaisoit à escouter,
Bien vos sauroie deviser
La mercerie que ge port;
Mais le fais sostenir m'est fort.
J'ai les mignotes ceinturetes;
J'ai beax ganz à damoiseletes;
J'ai ganz forrez doubles et sangles;

TRANSLATION.—There is here a very fair company: I am a mercer, and carry mercery, which I would sell willingly, for I am in want of pence. Now, if it please you to listen, I can easily describe the mercery that I carry; but I find the weight of them very heavy. I have pretty little girdles; I have fine gloves for little damsels; I have gloves furred double and single;

J'ai de bones boucles à cengles:
J'ai chainetes de fer beles:
J'ai bones cordes à violes;
J'ai les guinples ensaffrenées:
J'ai aiguilles encharnelées;
J'ai escrins à metre joiax;
J'ai borses de cuir à noiax;
Mais quant les voi pres que ne muir,
Tant les baz, les borses de cuir
Trop m'ont descreu mon chetel.
J'ai vif argent, el mont n'a tel,
Que ge mis en cuir de poisson,
En un sac pelu de taisson.
J'ai de bon loutre à peliçons;
J'ai hermines à siglatons,
Et orle de porpors de mer.
J'ai polain à secors orler;
J'ai les tres cointes aguilletes;

I have good buckles for girdles; I have fair little chains of steel; I have good cords for viols; I have wimples dyed in saffron; I have needles enchased; I have cases for jewels; I have leather purses with buttons, but when I see them I am ready to die, I shake them so much, the leather purse has too much diminished my goods. I have quicksilver, there is none such in the world, which I put in fishes-skin, in a hairy sack of badger-skin. I have good otter-skin for pelisses, and ermine for *siglatons*,* and binding of sea porpoise. I have points for sewing; I have very genteel lace-tags; I have rasps for the skin; I have good

* Gowns of rich stuffs, originally brought from the East. In the old romance of *Partenopex de Blois* we are told, "thence the Alexandrine furs come, and the good *siglaton*."

J'ai gratuises à peletes ;
J'ai de bones trosses à seles ;
J'ai braiex et lasnieres beles ;
J'ai les deex à costurieres ;
J'ai les diverses ausmosnieres,
Et de soie et de cordoan,
Que ge vendroi encor oan ;
Et si en ai de plaine toile ;
Et si vendroie bien un voile
A une nonain beneoite ;
J'ai bons fers à metre en saiete ;
J'ai bons tornez à treçoers ;
Boucletes à metre en solers ;
Fermaillez à enfanz de peutre.
J'ai beax laz à chapeax de feutre ;
J'ai beles espingues d'argent,
Si en ai d'archal ensement,
Que ge vent à cez gentix femes.
J'ai beax cuevrechies à dames,
Et coiffes laceites beles
Que ge vendrai à cez puceles ;
Et de soie par covenant

trusses for saddles; I have good breeches and thongs; I have thimbles for sempstresses; I have all sorts of purses, both of silk and leather, which I would very willingly sell; and I have some also of linen; and I would gladly sell a veil to a blessed nun; I have good iron points for arrows, and good netting (?) instruments; buckles to put on shoes; pewter clasps for children; fair laces for felt hats; I have beautiful silver pins, as well as brass ones, that I sell to the pretty women; I have handsome kerchiefs for ladies, with ties, that I shall sell to the pretty maids; and of silk to match

A chapeax d'orfrois par devant;
S'en ai de li[n]g à damoiseax,
A floretes et a oiseax,
Bien lichiées et bien polies,
A coiffier devant lor amies.
S'en ai de chanvre à cez vilains
Et moffles à metre en lor mains.
J'ai canpeneles de mostiers;
J'ai buleteax à bolangiers;
J'ai croissoeres à gasteax.
J'ai laz à sercoz à noiax,
J'ai sonetes de trop beau tor.
J'ai de bons flageus à pastor,
J'ai cuillers de bois et de tremble
Que j'achetai totes ensanble.
J'ai chauces de Bruges faitices,
Argent-pel por metre en esclices.
J'ai ameçons à pescheor;
J'ai fers d'alenes à suors.
J'ai les hacetes à seignier,
J'ai les pignes à chief pignier,

hats with gold embroidered fronts; I have also some of linen for young beaux, with flowers or birds, very smooth and well polished, to coif themselves in presence of their sweethearts; I have also hempen ones for the clowns, and muffles for their hands. I have little bells for monasteries; I have bolting-cloths for the bakers; I have rolling-pins for pastry; I have laces for surcoats with knots; I have little bells of good form; I have good flageolets for shepherds; I have common wooden and aspen-tree spoons, that I bought altogether; I have well-made hose of Bruges; silver-leaf for putting on staves; I have fish-hooks for anglers; and awls for shoemakers; I have lancets

J'ai le bon savon de Paris,
J'ai bons coffres où il est mis;
J'ai fermaillez d'archal dorez;
Et de laiton sor argentez,
Et tant les aime tax de laiton,
Souvent por argent le meton.
N'ai pas tote contée m'ensaigne:
J'ai bon soffre a garir de taigne,
J'ai couteax charteins et à pointes,
Dont cil bacheler se font cointes.
J'ai beax clareins à metre à vaches,
J'ai beax freseax à faire ataches
A gros botons d'or et de soie:
J'ai mainte ferrée corroie
Rouges et verz, blanches et noires,
Que ge vent moult bien à ces foires.
Si ai bottes de mostier maintes
Netes, polies, et bien paintes;
Si ai l'ençans et l'ençanssier,
L'orcuel à tote la cuiller.

for bleeding, and combs for the head; I have good soap of Paris, and good boxes for putting it in; I have brooches of brass gilt, and of latten silvered, and so much I like those of latten that we often substitute them for silver. I have not yet told all my stock: I have good sulphur for curing scald heads; I have knives both blunt and pointed, which the young men are so vain of; I have nice bells for hanging to cows, and I have fine tassels for fixing with great buttons of gold or silk; and I have store of stamped leather, red and green, white and black, that I sell readily at fairs; I have also boots for monasteries, very neat, polished and well shaped; I have also incense and

J'ai table, greffes et greffiers
Dont ge reçois de bons deniers
De ces clers, de bones maailles.
Si ai maintes riche toailles
Que loient, à cez hautes festes,
Sez gentix femes sor lor testes.
Si ai tot l'apareillement
Dont feme fait formement,
Rasoers, forces, guignoeres,
Escuretes et furgoeres,
Et bendeax et crespiseors,
Traineax, pignes, mireors,
Eue rose dont se forbissent:
J'ai quoton dont els se rougissent:
J'ai blanchet dont els se font blanches:
J'ai lacez à lacer lor manges:

censers, with the vase and spoons; I have table,* style and style-case, for which I receive the good pence and half-pence of the clerks; I have also store of rich napkins, which genteel ladies wear on their heads at high feasts; I have also all the utensils necessary for a lady's toilette, razors, forceps, looking-glasses, tooth-brushes and tooth-picks, and bandeaus and crisping irons, *traineaux*, combs, mirrors, and rose water with which they furbish themselves; I have cotton with which they rouge, and whitening with which they whiten themselves, and I have

* The old memorandum books, with waxen, ivory, or skin leaves, upon which they wrote with a pointed style, and which continued in use till the time of Elizabeth. "My tables: meet it is I set it down," says Hamlet. Chaucer's friar, in the "Sompnour's Tale," has

"A pair of tables all of ivory,
And a pointel y-polished fetisly."

J'ai gingembre, j'ai garingaut,
Qui fait ces clers chanter en haut,
Figues, dates, et alemendes:
J'ai saffren metre à en viandes,
Que ge vent à cez damoiseles
A faire jaunes lor toeles:
J'ai pomes genetes antieres;
Mais els me sanblent moult cheres,
Et nepourquant g'es sai bien vendre,
Ou l'argent ou le vaillant prendre.
Autres espices ai-ge totes,
Oignemenz à garir de goutes;
J'ai le poivre, j'ai le comin;
J'ai fil d'argent à mazelin,
Et d'archal à ceuz de manieres
Qui sont de lignaige à civieres.
J'ai dez du plus, j'ai dez du mains,
De Paris, de Chartres, de Rains,
Si j'en ai II, ce n'est pas gaz,
Qui au hochier chieent sor as.
J'ai fermaus d'archal et anieaus,

laces for lacing their sleeves; I have ginger, and sweet cyperus, which makes the clerks sing so clear, figs, dates, and almonds; I have saffron for seasoning dishes, which I sell to the young ladies to make their napkins yellow; I have pomegranates whole, but they seem to me very dear, nevertheless I can easily sell them, receiving either money or its worth; I have also other spices, with ointments to cure the gout; I have pepper, and cummin; I have silver-wire for goblets of maple-wood, and brass-wire for those of an inferior kind (?); I have large and small dice, from Paris, Chartres, and Rheims; and I have two (I am not joking) which when tossed fall upon the aces. I have brass

Et baudres et fallois moult beaus,
Dont ge doig trois sous por 1 oef,
Il n'a gaires qu'il furent neuf;
J'ai beax museax à museler,
J'ai beax pesteax à pesteler,
Caboz, torneiz, et pelotes,
Paternostres à ces viellotes.
Ge ne sai mès que ge vos die,
El monde n'a la mercerie
Que home et feme acheter puissent,
Que tot maintenant ne li truisse.
Une pilote ai çi pendue
Grosse, pesant, et estendue,
Que ge vendrai as chamberieres
A piler en totes manieres.
Bien la porrai vendre en plevine
Qu'il est du rachuel de l'eschine,
Pileron a gros et fachuel,
Qu'il est du neu et du rachuel:
Si ne fait pas à aviller,
Ainz m'en doit-on mielz estimer.

clasps and rings, and very fine belts and *fallois*, of which I give three sous for an egg, it is not long since they were new; I have good muzzles for muzzling, and good pestles for pounding, whipping-tops, *torneis*, and pin-cushions, and pater nosters for the old women. I don't know what I should tell you more; in the world there is no mercery which men or women can buy which I cannot now find for them. I have got a pestle hung here, great, heavy, and large, which I will sell to the chambermaids, to bray in all manners; I could easily sell it, with the assurance that it is from the root of the spine, it has a great. . . . . ; it is not to be despised, therefore I ought to be more

Venez avant, dame, venez,
Venez avant, si m'estrinez
D'euf ou de fer ou de deniers:
Si m'alegera cist paniers.
Et vos, petites meschinetes,
Poeiz revenir as piletes.
Or n'a çaienz nul si riche home
Qui mielz n'amast une tel some
De mercerie s'il l'avoit
Et se bien garder la savoit.
Mais ge n'en puis nul bien avoir;
Onques n'i conquis point d'avoir,
N'onques en riens que ge portasse,
Ne gaagnai que ge mengasse.
Pour ce veuil jus le panier metre,
Ge ne me vueil plus entremetre:
Ainz revenrai à la bilete
Dont ge mielz me sai entremete:
Proiez Diex qu'en chatel me mete.

EXPLICIT.

esteemed for it. Come forth, dame, come, come forth! pay with egg, or with iron, or with pence, and so you will lighten for me this pannier: and you, little maids, may return to your mortars. Now there is not here any man so rich who would not love better such a quantity of mercery, if he had it, and if he could keep it well: but I cannot obtain any good from it, I never could obtain any property with it, and never from any thing that I carried did I gain enough to eat. Therefore will I set my pack down, I will not meddle any more with it. Thus I return to the *bilet*,* which I know better how to employ. Do you pray God that he will give me profit.

* Some game of chance used in the middle ages.

III.

THE SHOEMAKER.

ANOTHER interesting example of a trade song, from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Library at Berne, No. 354, published by M. Achille Jubinal in his *Lettre au directeur de l'Artiste* (a journal so-named) on the subject of its contents, and in which he has printed five of these inedited poems. M. Jubinal's work is an octavo pamphlet of forty-eight pages (Paris, 1838) and is of great rarity, from the small number printed.

DES CORDOANIERS.

QUI bien saroit et faire et dire
Assez porroit trover matire
Du plusor gent qui sont o mont;
Mais plusor i ont dont je vos cont
Graignor porfit et graignor bien
Qui li autre, ce set-en bien.
Cez qui font les meillors mestiers
Doit-en amer et tenir chiers;
Li un font .i. et li autre el;
Mais je voi maint menestrier
Qui sol lou cordoanier;
Car bien savez, n'est mie gas,

TRANSLATION.—He who should know well how to compose or to recite would find sufficient matter concerning many people who are in the world: but there are many of whom I tell, who are less profit and less good than the others, that is well known. Those who exercise the best trades one ought to love and cherish; some exercise one trade and some another; but I see many a minstrel who praises the shoemakers alone; for you know well,

Il n'est nus hon ne haut nes bas,
Tant soit ne eschars, ne avers,
Que ne li coveigne solers,
S'il n'est de tel relegion
O hermite, o sainz hom,
Qui por Deu voille aler nuz piez:
Que jà nus hom, s'il n'est chaucié,
Ne sambleroit gueres valoir.
Se il avoit, à son voloir,
Robe d'escarlate o de soie,
S'il iert nuz piez enmi la voie,
Ne seroit-il ne biax ne gent,
Ne gaires prisiez de la jant.
Hom san soliers ne vaut noiant;
En bataille ne en mellée,
Tout ausi bien la teste armée
Et tot lo cors desi qu'au piez
Ne porroit, s'il n'est chauciez,
Faire gaires de grant esfors,
Tant fu grans ne hardis ne fors.

it is no joke, there is no man, neither high nor low, however greedy or avaricious he may be, but he must have shoes, unless he is of such an order of monks, or hermit, or a holy man, who for the sake of God will go barefooted: for no man who is without shoes would ever carry with him the appearance of much worth. If he had, at his will, a robe of scarlet or of silk, if he should be barefoot in the middle of the way, whether he be handsome or genteel, he would not be valued at all by the people. A man without shoes is not worth anything; in battle or in *melée*, though he had his head armed and all his body down to his feet, if he had no shoes he could not do any great

Ne cuidiez pas que je vous mante;
Ne puet aler sanz chaucemante,
Aler en plain ne en bochage,
Ou en lointain pelerinage,
A Saint-Jasque ou outre-mer:
Et por ce doit-en à amer
Et honorer et tenir cher
Et suor et cordoanier.
Il ont mestier à mainte gent;
Il vaut moult mialz c'or ne argent;
Si vos dirai raison por quoi.
Il n'a sor ciel prince ne roi,
Borjois, ne clerc, ne chevalier,
Qu'il ne coviegne chaucier
O de cordoan o de vache;
Et si n'est preste qui en saiche,
Arcediacre ne evesque,

exploits, let him be ever so great, or so bold, or so strong. Do not believe that I am telling you a falsehood; he cannot go without shoes, either in plain, or in wood, or in distant pilgrimage, to St. James or beyond sea: and therefore we ought to love, and honour, and cherish both souters and cordwainers.* They have to do with many people: he is much better than gold or silver, I will tell you the reason why. There is not under heaven prince or king, burgher, or clerk, or knight, who must not wear shoes, either of cordovan or cow's leather: nor is

* Thus I have endeavoured to note the distinction the author makes between *grades* in shoemaking; the *souter*, is one who worked in common cow-leather; the *cordwainer*, one who employed the more costly leather (*cordovan*) procured from Cordova, in Spain; from the use of which he obtained his name.

Ne chardonax, ne arcevesque,
Ne moine blanc, ne moine noir,
Qui là osast, por nul avoir,
Sacrement faire en sainte eglise
Ne chanter messe en nule guise,
Se il n'esteit chauciez ainçois.
Ne cuidiez pas ce soit gabois:
Là hom ira nuz piez la voie,
N'ira seurement la voie;
Ne en guerre, ne en asaut
Nuz hom nu piez gaire ne vaut.
Ne porroie corliue aler,
Ne après lor seignor troter,
Ne gaires loin aler à piez,
Se il n'estoient bien chauciez.
Ne chevaucher ne porroit
Nus prodom s'il nuz piez estoit,
Qui de plusor ne fust gabé
Ainz qu'il fust gaires loin alé.
Que j'ai véu, si com moi sanble,

there priest who is known, archdeacon or bishop, or cardinal, or archbishop, or white monk, or black monk, who dare on any account perform the sacrament in holy church, or chant mass in any manner, if he had not first put shoes on. Don't imagine this is joking. If a man should go barefoot in the path he would not go his way in safety: neither in war nor in assault is any man worth anything barefoot. A courier could not go, nor trot after his lord, nor go far on foot, if he had not good shoes on. No gentleman could ride, if he were barefoot, without being laughed at by many before he had gone very far. For I have seen, as it appears to me, when the people sit together, and

Qant cele gent sient ensanble,
Que aucuns passe par la voie,
Jà n'i aura nul qui la voie
Qui ne l'esgart devers les piez
Se il est bien ou mal chaucié.
Por ce di-je, selon mon san,
Que miaux vaudroit, si con je pans,
Avoir un po mains vesteure
Et avoir bone chauceure.
Car ce sevent grant et petit,
Que l'an dit piecà en resprit:
" Qui bien est chauciez n'est pas nuz."
Jamais hom n'ert si bien vestuz,
S'il est nu piez, qu'il soit à aise,
S'il ne fait tel chaut qui li plaise
Aler nu piez por refroidier;
Que sans solers ne porroit hom
Durer ne faire grant beson,
Ovrer, foïr, ne laborer,
Coper en bois, ne esarter,

some one passes by the way, there will not be one there who sees him but he looks down towards his feet, to see if he be well or ill shoed. Therefore, say I, according to my understanding, that it would be better, as I think, to have a little less clothing, and to have good shoes. For great and little know this, that they used to say in proverb: "who is well shoed is not naked." No man will ever be so well clothed, that, if he be barefoot, he will be at his ease, if it is not so hot that he choose to go barefoot to cool himself: for without shoes a man could not endure or do much need. We could not work, or dig, or till, or cut down wood, or clear underwood, plough the earth, or gain, or

Terre arer, ne gaaignier,
Ne bien semer, ne bien hercher,
Ne pourroit-en sanz chaucemante.
Ne cuidiez pas que je vos mante,
Que je ne die de ce voir;
Et por ce doit-en chier avoir
Et amer cez qui solers font,
Car il servent à toz lo mont.
Nuz ne deuroit sanz chaucemante
En iver quant il noije et vante,
Et i fait fort tans et i pluet,
Que nus hom fors issir ne puet;
Lors puent bien apercevoir
Li mau chaucié, se je di voir,
Qant il vont patoiant la boe,
Et par la noif et par la groe,
Lors sevent-il, se Dex me saut,
Que boenne chauceure vaut,
Qui bien devroit panre en parfont.
En devroit cez qui solers font

sow seed well, or reap well, without shoes. Don't imagine that I tell you false, or that I do not say the truth in this; and therefore we ought to cherish and love those who make shoes, for they are of service to everybody. No one could endure without shoes in winter, when the snow falls and the wind blows, and it is tempestuous weather and rains, that no man can go out; then those who have not good shoes are easily perceived, if I say true, when they go paddling in the mud, and through the snow and through the dirt, then they know, as God save me, what good shoes are worth, which ought to hang well below. We ought therefore to cherish and honour much those who make

Moult chier servir et enorer,
Que sanz aus ne puet-en durer
Nus hom qui soit ne près ne loin.
Chascun jor a-en d'ax besoin,
Et ducs et princes, roi et conte.
Por ce que cil qui fist cest conte
De toz cordoaniers qui sont
A toz suor prie et semont
Qu'il soient vaillant et cortois;
Qant il orront lo servantois
Dire, por Deu et por enor,
Doignent aucune rien do lor,
De coi il face refaitier
Ses solers, s'il en a mestier.

CI FENIT DES CORDOANIERS.

shoes, for without them no man could endure, far or near. Every day people have need of them, both dukes and princes, kings and earls. Because he, who made this story of all who are cordwainers, prays and requests of all souters that they be worthy and courteous: when they hear any one say satires against them, for the sake of God and for their honour, let them give him nothing of theirs with which he can cause his shoes to be mended, if he have need of it.

Here finishes about the Shoemakers.

IV.

THE WEAVERS.

ANOTHER curious *trade song*, reprinted from the same collection as the preceding one.

DES TISSERANZ.

TEL gent i a qui oient,
Et entandent et oient,
Et si ne sevent quoi;
Mais cist qui ot et voit,
N'an rien ne se conoist,
Ne en ce ne an quoi,
Cist s'an vaut autretant
Com cil qui chace et rien ne prent.
Mais jo icho senefie,
Que garde me sui pris
De mainte gent qui sont,
Que par droit estovoir
Vos doi faire savoir
Cez qui plus de bien font.
Je di, selon mon sen,

TRANSLATION.—There are some people who hear, and understand, and see, and yet do not know what; but he who hears, and sees, and is knowing in nothing, neither in one thing or the other, he is worth just about as much as he who goes hunting and catches nothing. But this I mean that I have made observation of many that exist, that by right duty I ought to make you know those who do most good. I say according to my under-

Que de çi jusqu'au San
Ne porroit-on trover
Jant qui aient mestier
Plus grant que li tissier.
Je le voldrai prover
Par raison, se je puis,
Que nule home ne truis,
Duc, ne prince, ne roi,
Qui de dras ne se veste
A haut jor et à feste,
Tant soit plain de desjoi.
Je di que li tissier
Ont lo plus bel mestier
Que hom faire lo poroit;
Et avoec la biauté
A-il tant de bonté,
Nus dire ne l' porrroit;
Car je di, par les dras
Est un hom haut et bas,
Quant il en a planté.
Jà home est chier tenuz,
Ou que qui soit venuz,

standing, from here to the Seine one could not find people who are more necessary than the weavers. I will prove it by argument, if I can, that I find no man, duke, or prince, or king, who does not dress himself in clothes on high days and feasts, be he ever so full of sorrow. I say that the weavers have the most beautiful avocation that any man could exercise; and as well as beauty it has so much goodness, as no one could recount, for I say that by clothes is a man high or low, according as he has plenty of them. A man is ever cherished, let him be sprung from

Qui de dras ait lasté.
Il n'a nul si prodome
De si jusque en Rome,
S'il estoit ore nuz,
Et fust en leu venuz
Où ne fu coneuz,
Qui jà fust chier tenuz
Là où ne vindroit rien.
Nonains et abeesses,
Raines et contesses,
Ne puent sans drapiax;
Clercs, borjois, ne vilain,
San dras, soient certains,
Ne seroit gaires biax.
Si sai à esciant,
N'a si boen marcheant
De çi jusques à Troies,
Si en voit samedi
Ou marchié, ce vous di,
O enmi cele voie,
Nuz piez o san soler,
Ne fust mal conréez;

where he may, if he be well furnished with clothes. There is no so great gentleman between here and Rome, that if he were naked, and were come into a place where he was not known, would ever be cherished where he should go without any thing. Nuns and abbesses, queens and countesses, could not be without clothes; clerks, burghers, or peasants without clothes, you may be sure, would not be very handsome. I know for certain there is no merchant ever so good, between here and Troyes, if he should go on a Saturday to market, this I tell you, or in the public way,

Si bargnignast avoir,
Se jà home trovast
Qui biau li apelest,
Don lo poez savoir.
Et soiez bien certain,
N'a si mauvais vilain
Ne si endurestè,
Se il avoit biaux dras,
Chascuns ne l'apelast
Et diroit: "achetez."
Por ce les tissiers pris,
Lor mestier met en pris,
Que je ne voi chenoigne,
Ne randu, ne nul moine
De nul relegion,
Ne hermite, ne preste,
Qui de dras ne se veste.
Tant soit ores sainz hom.
Nus prodom ne porroit
Aler, se dras n'avoit,
A marchié n'à mostier,
Ovrer ne laborer,

barefoot, or without shoes, but he would be ill rewarded; if he bargained for goods he would not find a man who would give him a fair word; of this you may be sure. And you may be very certain that there is no peasant so wretched, nor so clownish, but if he had beautiful clothes every one would call to him, and would say: "buy." For this reason, I value the weavers, and I hold their avocation in esteem, because I see neither canon, nor lay-brother, nor any monk of any order, nor hermit, nor priest, who does not dress himself in clothes, however holy a man he may be. No honest man could go without clothes to market or to church,

Ne foïr ne ovrer,
Ne faire nul mestier.
Nus hom ne dureroit,
S'il drap vestu n'avoit,
En iver par les froiz.
Quant il pluet et il noye,
Et i vante et il grele,
Qui li tanz est destroiz.
Cil qui sont en chemise
Au vent et à la bise,
Se Dame Diex me saut,
Puent bien percevoir,
S'il ont tant de savoir,
Que boene robe vaut.
Nus hom ne puet savoir
Que robe puet valoir
Que toz jors a en aise;
Mais cil lo sevent bien
Qui mainte foiz n'ont rient,
Ainz ont eu mesaise.
Je di que li tisiers
Ont si très haut mestiers,

to work or to till the ground, or to dig, or to do any other labour, or to do any business. No man would endure if he had not clothes to put on in the cold in winter, when it rains and snows, and the wind blows, and the hail comes down, that the weather is wretched. They who are in their shirt in the wind and the gale, as God may save me, may well perceive, if they have any power of perceiving, the worth of a good robe. No man can know what a robe may be worth who is always at his ease: but they know it well who are often destitute of every thing, and thus are ill at ease. I say that the weavers have

Soz ciel n'a roi ne conte,
Ne nul si haut seignor,
Qui do drap n'ait enor,
Ne nus hom qui peust
Tant faire qu'il seust
A dire n'à conter
La gent qui de tissier
Ont mainte foiz mestier.
Moult les doit-en amer
Et roi et duc et conte;
De toz tissier qui sont,
Por Deu, lor dit et cont,
Et lor pri et semont,
Por Dieu et por enor,
Aucune rien dou lor;
Venuz est li mestiers,
Car je ne sai aler
Ne tolir ne enbler
Autrement sanz tisier.

CI FINIT DES TISSERANZ.

such very high avocation, that under heaven there is neither king nor saint, nor any so high lord who does not derive honour from their cloth, nor any man who could do so much as to be able to tell and to relate the number of people who have often need of the weaver. People ought to love them much, both king, and duke, and earl. Of all who are weavers, for God's sake, I tell and relate to them, and pray and ask them, for God and for honour, something of theirs: my need is come, for I can neither go, nor take, nor steal without a weaver.

Here finishes of the Weavers.

V.

A SATIRE ON WOMEN'S HORNED HEAD DRESSES.

THIS very curious satire is taken from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, written, as M. Paulin-Paris informs us, within the first ten years of the fourteenth century. It is here printed from M. Jubinal's work, entitled *Jongleurs et Trouvères, ou choix de Saluts, Epitres, Rêveries, et autres pièces légères, des* XIII *et* XIV *siècles.* Paris, 1835. Jehan de Meun, who completed the *Romance of the Rose*, speaks of this fashion: he describes the gorget, or neck-cloth, as being twisted several times round the neck, and pinned up to the horns—his words are:—

"La gorge et li goitrons sont hors de la touelle,
Où il n'a que .iij. tours à la tourne-bouelle;
Mais il y a d'espingles plus de demie escuelle
Fichiées es .ij. *cornes* et entour la rouelle."*

After observing, that these horns appear to be designed to wound the men, he adds:—

"Je ne say s'on appelle potences ou corbiaux
Ce qui soustient *leurs cornes*, que tant tiennent à biaux;
Mais bien vous ose dire que sainte Elysabiaux
N'est pas en Paradise pour porter tiex babiaux.

Encores y font elles un grant harribourras,
Car entre la touelle, qui n'est pas de bourras,
Et la temple et *les cornes*, pourroit passer un ras
Ou la greigneur moustelle qui soit jusques Arras."†

---

* The breast and the throat are out of the towel (gorget), where there are but three turns (some texts have *trous*, *i. e.*, three holes) to the neck-kerchief; but there is more than half a basin full of pins stuck in the two horns and about the circular part.

† I know not whether they call gibbets, or corbels, that which sustains their horns, which they consider so fine; but I venture to say that St. Elizabeth is not in Paradise for having carried such baubles. Moreover they make a great incumbrance; for between the towel (gorget), which is not of coarse linen, and the temple and the horns, may pass a rat, or the largest weasel on this side Arras.

This fashion of wearing the hair was also alluded to as "le bossu;" and it is the resemblance that these *bosses*, at each side of the head, bore to the close-curled horns of a ram, that made the Bishop of Paris incite persons, by promise of pardon for sin, to cry, "Hurte, belier," and "push, ram!" as described in the ensuing satire. The head here engraved from an effigy of a lady of the Rither family, in Rither church, Yorkshire, is a good illustration of this fashion; great pads of false hair appear on each side of her head; and it "is hooped, with a band," as described in the ensuing satire. The gorget also appears pinned up to it, as Jehan de Meun describes it; allowing a space between that and the bosses for a rat to creep. The way in which the heads were bandaged and secured in a golden net-caul, termed, *crestine*, *creton*, *crespine*, and *crespinette*, may be seen in our second cut, from a drawing in Royal MS., 15, D. 2 (temp. Edward I). This preposterous fashion took a more extravagant turn, after suffering a short decadence, and in the reign of Henry IV reappeared with the horns pointed like a crescent over the forehead, which increased as the fashion grew older, until the reign of Henry VI, when an enormous pair of horns rose on each side the head of a lady. We must refer to Lydgate's Satire, on a future page, for the illustration of this fashion.

DES CORNETES.

Li evesques parisiens
Est devins et naturieds,
Si se prent garde

Translation.—The Bishop of Paris is a theologian and a philosopher; he observes that a woman is too foolish a hussey

Que fame est trop fole musarde,
Qui forre son chief et se farde
  Por plere au monde.
Fame n'est pas de pechié monde,
Qui a sa crine noire ou blonde
  Selonc nature,
Qui i met s'entente et sa cure
A ajouster .i. forreure
  Au lonc des treces.
L'evesques connoist lor destreces;
De lor orgueil de lor nobleces
  Si les chastie,
Et commande par aatie,
Que chascun "hurte, belin" die.
  Trop i tardon;
"Hurte, belin" por le pardon.
Se des fames ne nous gardon,
  Ocïs serommes.
Cornes ont por tuer les hommes.
D'autrui cheveus portent granz sommes,
  Desus lor teste.

who puts a false hair on her head and paints herself to please the world. A woman is not free from sin, who has her hair dark, or blonde, according to nature, when she places her intention and care in fixing the false hair along on her tresses. The bishop knows their failings, and he chastises them for their pride in their finery; and commands, in scorn, of them that each person cry out: "push, ram." We are too slow about it; "Push, ram," for the pardon. If we do not take care of ourselves from the women we shall be slain. They have horns to kill the men; they carry great masses of other people's hair upon their heads.

L'en doit bien redouter tel beste;
Il n'est ne foudre ne tempeste
Que je tant doute,
Qu'ele art et point, et fiert et boute:
Tout le plus sage n'i voit goute
A s'en deffendre.
Dès lors vout fame à mal entendre
Qu'ele fist en enfer descendre
Le premier pere.
Fame qui ainsi son chief pere,
Ne cuidiez pas que ne l'compere
S'el ne s'amende.
N'ai pas paor que teste fende,
Qui est ferrée de tel bende
Et de cerciaus.
Et si ont fet cols toz noviaus.
Sor lor cols metent lor joiaus,
Et lor crespines:

We may well be afraid of such a beast; there is neither thunder nor tempest which I fear so much, when she fumes, and pricks, and strikes, and pushes: the wisest man that is does not see at all how to defend himself against them. Woman began to turn herself to evil from the time she caused our first father to descend into hell. A woman who thus adorns her head, don't you believe but what she will pay for it, if she does not amend herself of it. I have no fear of a head splitting which is hooped with such a band and with circles: and they have made collars quite new; on their necks they put their jewels and their *crespines.** And they make collars of the end of the *eschines*,

* Golden net-work; thus in the *Lay of Sir Launfal*, we are told of two ladies that—

"Their kerchevys were well schyre
Arrayed with ryche gold wyre."

Et font cols du bout des eschines,
Et font cornes de lor poitrines.
C'est grant viltance
Que fame est de tel contenance.
Je n'ai point de bone esperance
En tel posnée.

Robe ainsinques escoletée
Semble le treu d'une privée,
Ne plus ne mains;
L'en lor puet bien veoir es sains,
L'en i metroit bien ses .ij. mains
Ou une miche.
Tels bobanz ne vaut pas la briche.
Il n'est si bele ne si riche,
Ne tant soit fiere,

and they make horns of their breasts.* It is a great shame that a woman is of such behaviour. I have no hope in such gaudiness.

A robe also open at the neck seems like the hole of a privy; neither more nor less. One may easily see into their breasts; and one might easily put there his two hands, or a small loaf. Such pride is not worth any thing. There is not one so fair, nor so rich, nor proud as she may be, that if she were to-morrow

* This passage, which is in some degree obscure, may mean: "they stiffen their collars with whalebone, which makes the breast project like a horn." At the commencement of the next stanza we are told that a loaf might be hidden in the open space thus formed.

S'ele estoit demain en la biere,
Que l'en besast pas en la chiere,
  Ce set-on bien,
Plus que l'en feroit .i. mort chien.
Tout ce boban ne vaudra rien
  Après la mort.
Fole est fame qui s'i amort.
Tel cointise maint homme a mort
  Et deceu.
L'evesque l'a aperceu;
Si ne s'en puet estre teu,
  Ainz en sermone,
Et à toz cels .x. jors pardone,
Que crieront à tel personne,
" Hurte belin !"

on her bier, one would kiss her in the face (it is well-known), more than one would do it to a dead dog. All this pride will be worth nothing after death. The woman is mad who bites at it. Such quaint fashions* have brought many a man to death, and deceived him. The bishop perceived it, and he could not keep silence, but he preached about it, and he gives ten days pardon to all those who will cry out at such a person, "push, ram."

* *Cointise*, or *queintise*: literally signifying, anything quaint or fanciful in dress; is used in that sense by Chaucer, who describes the dress of one of the characters, in his translation of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, thus:—

" Wrought was his robe in strange guise,
And al to-slyttered (cut to pieces) for quentyse."

The scarf worn on the heads of ladies was, in the fourteenth century, termed a *cointoise*, and also that worn by knights on their tilting helmets; the edges being frequently cut and jagged, and, sometimes, taking the shape of a series of leaves.

Foi que je doi saint Mathelin,
De chanvre ouvré ou de lin
  Se font cornues,
Et contrefont les bestes mues,
Qui vuelent estre conneues
  Des preudes dames.
Miex lor venist pensser des ames,
Ansi com font les preudes fames,
  De simple afere,
Qui ne se vuelent pas deffere,
Ne lor char monstrer por atrere
  Les lecheors.
Qui font les hommes trop piors,
Trop plus fols et plus pécheors,
  Par lor atret;
La fole contenance atret
Tel qui s'en fust ore retret,
  Je n'en dout mie.
Si croi, se Diex me beneie,
Que fame qui ainsi se lie
  Et se desguise

By the faith I owe St. Mathurin! they make themselves horned with worked hemp, or flax, and counterfeit dumb beasts; who will be known for worthy ladies. It would be more to their advantage to think of their souls; as do the worthy women of simple manners, who will not make a display of themselves, nor shew their flesh, to attract libertines. They make men much worse, greater fools, and greater sinners, by their enticement; this foolish behaviour entices those who would, long ago, have kept out of temptation, I do not doubt. And I believe, as God may bless me, that a woman who thus decorates herself,

Et son chartois tant aime et prise,
N'est pas de grant bonté esprise
Dedenz le cuer.
Je ne le croiroie à nul fuer,
S'ele ert ma cousine ou ma suer,
Que ne fust fole.

De lor cornes est grant parole,
Genz s'en gabent, n'est pas frivole,
Parmi la vile.
Tel cointise est à Dieu trop vile:
C'est aussi voir comme evangile,
Et n'est pas fable;
Mès je croi bien que le deable
Les veut asseoir à sa table,
Qui leur ensaingne
Que n'i ait nule qui se faingne
De porter de pechié l'ensaingne
Desus son chief.
Hurte, belin, tout de rechief,

and disfigures herself, and loves and values so much her flesh, is not much occupied with goodness within her heart. I would not believe, on any terms, even if she were my cousin, or my sister, but that she is a foolish woman.

There is great talk about their horns; people mock them (I am not joking) throughout the town. Such a foolish whim is too vile in the sight of God—it is as true as gospel, and no fable: but I believe well that the devil intends to seat them at his table; who teaches them so, that there is not one who does not hasten to carry the standard of sin above her head. *Push*,

Por le pardon. C'est grant meschief
  Que la vermine
Mengera ce que je devine,
Et que très bel pel d'ermine
  Cuevre et aorne;
Et l'ame sera triste et morne
En enfer, dont nus ne retorne
  Tant en i voise.
C'est uns leus où nus ne s'envoise;
N'i a fors plains et criz et noise,
  Paine et dolor.
Celes n'en ont pas grant solor
Qui tant vuelent metre du lor
  En fol usage,
Et enluminent lor visage,
Et nous font tendre le musage
  Por esgarder.

*ram, immediately for the pardon.** It is a very lamentable thing that vermin will eat I know what, which a very fair skin of ermine covers and adorns; and the soul will be sad and sorrowful in hell, from which no one returns when they have once gone there. It is a place where no one enjoys himself; there is nothing there but complaints, and cries, and noise, suffering and grief. Those women have no great consolation in view, who will put so much of their property in foolish use, and make bright their countenance, and lay out snares for us to look at them.

* A sudden ejaculation by the poet; who cries: "Hurte belin," for the promised pardon of the Bishop of Paris, when speaking of the ladies' follies; and his condemnation of them.

Il les en venist miex garder;
Moquier s'en font et regarder
En mainte place.
Il n'est pas droiz, jà Dieu ne place,
Que tel cointise honor lor face
Mès grant despit.
N'iront pas, je les en respit,
Ou repos qui tout sanz respit
Est otroié
A celes qui bien emploié
Ont lor tens, et ont Dieu proié
Por lor pechié
Et ont si lor cheveus trechié,
Qu'autre chose n'i ont drecié
Ne ajousté.
Mult a or le monde ajuté
Cele, qoi qu'il li ait cousté,
Qui puet venir
El repos qui est sanz fenir.
Por ce se fet-il bon tenir
De bobancier,

It would be more profitable for them to take better care; they cause themselves to be mocked and despised in many a place. It is not right, now may God please, that such quaint fashions should do them no honour, but rather great despite. They will not go, I promise them, to the repose which, without any doubt, is given to those who have well employed their time, and who have prayed God for their sin, and have dressed their own hair, and have not decorated it, or added to it any other thing. Now the world has been very profitable to her, whatever it may have cost her, who may be able to arrive at the repose, which is without end. Therefore it is good to refrain from finery,

Et de jengler et de tencier.
Mès je croi bien que vendengier
  Se veut et vendre
Fame qui ainsi veut entendre
A soi cointir, por plus esprendre
  Cil qui la voit;
La cointise les genz deçoit,
Et tout le cuer de l'omme trait.
  Lors si chancele,
Et si pensse, j'amerai cele,
Tout ne soit-ele mie bele,
  S'est-ele cointe.
Ainsi li fols la fole acointe,
Et ceste biauté est ajointe
  Contre réson.
Atant des fames nous teson,
Et fin en cest ditié feson.

EXPLICIT DES CORNETES.

and from squabbling, and quarrelling. But I believe well, that a woman wishes to make a harvest of herself, and offer herself for sale, who is thus employed in making herself gay, to catch the attention of him who sees her. These quaint fashions deceive people, and seduce a man's heart; then he wavers, and he thinks, I will love her, although she may not be handsome, yet she is gay. Thus the foolish man joins himself to the foolish woman, and this beauty gets the better of his reason. Now let us say no more about women, and let us make an end of this ditty.

VI.

AGAINST THE PRIDE OF THE LADIES.

THE following song appears to be directed against the gay fashions in ladies' clothing, which had become so prevalent as to be aped by the middle and lower classes. In occurs in the Harleian MS. No. 2253, and is here reprinted from Mr. Wright's *Political Songs of England*, p. 153; published by the Camden Society. He considers it a production of the reign of Edward I. The satire is chiefly directed against the ladies' head-dresses, and the illustrations given on p. 30 will sufficiently illustrate the fourth stanza; the *bout* and *barbet*, noticed in the following one, are not so clear; but the latter may be the *barbe*, or linen covering for the neck and chin, visible in one of the cuts just alluded to: and which became, ultimately, an exclusive fashion, adopted only by widows as mourning, or by religious women in the cloister.

LORD that lenest us lyf, ant lokest uch an lede,
For te cocke with knyf nast thou none nede;
Bothe wepmon ant wyf sore mowe drede,
Lest thou be sturne with strif, for bone that thou bede,
in wunne
That monku[n]ne
Shulde shilde hem from sunne.

TRANSLATION.—Lord, that givest us life, and regardest every people,—to . . . . . with knife thou hast no need;—both man and woman sorely may dread,—lest thou be stern with wrath, for the boon that thou askedst,—in joy—that mankind—should shield themselves from sin.

Nou hath prude the pris in everuche plawe;
By mony wymmon un-wis y sugge mi sawe,
For ȝef a ledy lyne is leid after lawe,
Uch a strumpet that ther is such drahtes wil drawe;
in prude
Uch a screwe wol hire shrude
Thah he nabbe nout a smoke hire foule ers to hude.

Furmest in boure were boses y-broht,
Levedis to honoure ichot he were wroht;
Uch gigelot wol loure, bote he hem habbe soht;
Such shrewe fol soure ant duere hit hath a-boht;
in helle
With develes he shule duelle,
For the clogges that cleveth by here chelle.

Nou ne lacketh hem no lyn boses in to beren;
He sitteth ase a slat swyn that hongeth is eren.

Now pride hath the prize in every play; of many unwise women I say my saw,—for if a lady's linen is laid after law,—every strumpet that there is such draughts will draw;—in pride —every shrew will clothe herself,—though she have not a smock to hide her dirty tail.

First in bower were bosses brought,—to honour ladies I wot they were wrought;—every giglot will lour, unless she have them sought;—such shrew full sourly and dearly hath bought it;—in hell—with devils they shall dwell,—on account of the clogs which hang by their jowls.

Now they want no linen to bear bosses in;—they sit like a slit swine which hangs its ears.—Such a justling contrivance

Such a joustynde gyn uch wrecche wol weren,
Al hit cometh in declyn this gigelotes geren;
upo lofte
The devel may sitte softe,
Ant holden his halymotes ofte.

ȝef ther lyth a loket by er outher eȝe,
That mot with worse be wet for lat of other leȝe;
The bout and the barbet wyth frountel shule feȝe;
Habbe he a fauce filet, he halt hire hed heȝe,
to shewe
That heo be kud ant knewe
For strompet in rybaudes rewe.

every wretch will wear,—that these giglots' gear all comes to nothing;—on high—the devil may sit soft,—and hold his sabbaths often.

If there lies a locket by ear or eye,—that may with worse be wet, for lack of other lye; the but and the barbel with frontlet shall quarrel;—if she have a false fillet, she holds her head high,—to snow—that she is famous and well known—for a strumpet in the ribalds' ranks.

VII.

A SATIRE ON MANNERS AND COSTUME.

THIS curious poem, written in the latter part of the fourteenth century, is given from a copy in Harleian MS. No. 536. Another is in MS. No. 941, the variations in which are given as foot-notes in italics. The allusion to the long pointed toes, which came into fashion in the extravagant reign of the foppish and weak monarch Richard II, is sufficient to fix the date of this composition. These long toes were termed *cracowes*, from the city of Cracow, from whence they were originally imported; and they were sometimes fastened to the knees of the wearer with chains of gold and silver. A curious manuscript in the Royal Collection, marked 20. B. 6., represents the uncles of Richard II with such fashionable inconveniences, which if bent upward would certainly reach to the knee; and there is the appearance of a chain, for securing them, hanging from the garter of one of these noblemen, here engraved of the same size as the original. This fashion continued to the middle of the reign of Edward IV, notwithstanding sumptuary laws to restrain their length. They were stuffed with tow and moss, to make them curl upwards, soon after their introduction; probably to prevent inconvenience in walking, and thence were termed "Devil's claws," by the satirists. Mr. C. R. Smith has, in his Museum of London Antiquities, some of these shoes of the time of Edward IV, and the toes of others six inches in length, with stamped ornaments upon them; they are stuffed with moss, as described by contemporary writers, and were discovered in excavations at Whitefriars. For the convenience of such fashionables a long-toed *patten* was introduced; and I must refer to my volume on

Costume in England, pp. 190, 194, 449, 450, for engravings illustrative of all the varieties then worn.

Syng I wolde, but, alas! *descendunt prospera grata;*
In Ynglonde sumtyme was *regnorum gemma vocata;*
Of manhode the flowre *ibi quoque quondam floruit omnis;*
Now goo* is that tour, *traduntur talia sompnis.*
Lechery, slouthe, and pride, *hii sunt quibus Anglia paret;*
Sith trouthe is set asyde,† *dic qualiter Anglia staret.*
Whiche oure frendis were, *nostri fient inimici,*
With bowe, sheld, and spere, *poterunt en talia dici.*
Ofte tymes have we herd *mala nobis esse futura;*
But ever we‡ desired *a nobis commercia plura.*
Lo! within oure lond *insurgunt undique guerre;*
But God put to his hond, *fiet destructio terre.*
On water and on londe, *que quondam nos timuerunt,*
Now many a thousand *nos parvo per mare querunt.*
The drede of God is went,§ *humanus sed timor astat;*
Who seyt‖ trowthe is shent,¶ *regnum violencia vastat;*
Rowners* and flaterers, *hii regno sunt nocituri;*
Wolde God soche claterers *sua subdant colla securi.*
Ingelonde, awake now, *consurgunt jugiter hostes,*
And good hede take thow, *fac hostia, dirige postes.*
The ryche make† mery, *sed vulgus collacrimatur;*
The people is wery, *que ferme depopulatur.*
The chirche is greved, *quia spiritualia cadunt:*

---

* Gone. † *Sethyn treweth was sett o syde.* ‡ *We have.*
§ *Want.* ‖ *Sayth the.* ¶ Confounded. * Whisperers.
† *Maketh.*

Som bethe* myschevyd, *plus dampni crescere credunt.*
Inlond goith to noughte, *plus fecit homo viciosus;*
To lust man is broughth, *nimis est homo deliciosus.*
Goddis† halydays *non observantur honeste,*
For unthryfty pleyis‡ *in eis regnant manifeste.*
Unthrifte and wombe§-joye, *steriles et luxuriosi,*
Jentelys,‖ gromys,¶ and boyes, *socii sunt atque gulosi.*
Sojettys* and sovereyns *uno quasi fune trahuntur;*
Put thei be to peyne, *in eos quicunque loquuntur.*
At Westmynster halle *legis sunt valde scientes;*
Nevertheles for hem all,† *ibi vincuntur jura potentes;*
That never herd the caas,‡ *juramento tunc meditabunt,*
Than the mater woll thei face, *et justum dampnificabunt,*
And an obligacion, *de jure satis valitura,*
Thurgh§ cavelacion‖ *erit effectum caritura.*
His owne caas many a man *jam judicat et moderatur;*
Lawe helpith not hem,¶ *ergo heu! lex evacuatur.*
Manslawghter and thefte *crucis ad votum redimuntur;**
Ware† of evel-spon waste, *quia pravos prava sequuntur.*
Jurrours with peynted slevys, *inopes famuli dominorum,*
This hurtyth and grevyth, *novit Deus ipse deorum.*
Gret hurt to this londe *est usurpata potestas;*
Therfore put to his hond *regis metuenda majestas*

---

* *And some bene.* † *God ys dere.*

‡ An allusion to the performance of mysteries and miracle plays, on Corpus Christi, and other great feasts. § *Wombes.*

‖ Gentlefolks. ¶ Grooms. * Subjects. † *Noght ellys before thayme all.* ‡ *Case.* § *Throgh a fals.* ‖ Cavelling. ¶ *Then.*

* This means, that bribery was used; and the phrase, redemption by the cross, alludes to the cross that universally appeared on the reverse of the coinage. † *Be warre.*

For harmes that mow* falle *nonnulla statuta parantur;*
The kyng knowith not alle, *non sunt qui vera loquuntur.*
Hee and hee seyth welle, *et sermo placere videtur;*
The cattes necke to the belle† *hic et ille ligare veretur.*
What is the cause of this? *vera violencia legis;*
Amende that is amys, *poterit clemencia regis.*
Now without a jacke *pauci metuunt remanere;*
Som hath hem on here backe, *sed bursa mallent habere.*
Good Jacke, where is John? *ubi gratia nuno requiescit?*
Jacke, now grace is gon, *ad regna remota recessit.*
Jacke noble with him is, *iter insimul arripuerunt;*
Of bothe is gret mys, *illos multi modo quærunt.*
Galauntes purs penyles *per vicos esse vagantur;*
Yf it be as I gesse, *male solvent quod mutuantur.*
Oon wit anodir anon *satagit convertere guerram;*
Now is here, now goon, *destruxit ut advena terram.*
Freshest‡ of the newe towche, *incedunt ridiculosi,*
Lytel or nowth in heer pouch, *pascunt deliciosi.*
Brodder than ever God made *humeris sunt arte tumentes;*
Narugh thei be, though thei, seme brod, *nova sunt factio gentis.*
Thei bere a new faccion,§ *humeris in pectore tergo;*
Goddes plasmacion‖ *non illis complacet ergo.*
Wyde colers¶ and hygh, *gladio sunt colla parata;*

---

* *Will.* † The medieval fable, modernized by La Fontaine, of the rats in council, proposing to hang a bell round the neck of the cat, is here alluded to. It was very popular in the middle ages; but is nowhere better told than in *Pier's Plowmans Vision;* which must have contributed greatly to spread the knowledge of this excellent satire in this country. ‡ *Freshe and.*

§ *Fashion.* ‖ Making, creating. ¶ Collars.

Ware* the prophecy *contra tales recitata.*
Long sporres† on here heles, *et rostra fovent ocriarum;*
Thei thinke it doith welle, *non sicut regula Sarum.*
A strecte bende‡ hath the hose, *laqueantur a corpore crura;*
Thei may not, I soppose, *curvare genu sine cura;*
Whan other§ kneelis, *pro Christo vota ferentes,*
Thei stonde on here helis, *sed non curvare valentes.*
For hurtyng of here hose, *non inclinare laborant;*
I trow, for her longe toes, *dum stant ferialiter orant.*
Many men‖ thei lette *et turbant ad sacra stando;*
Cristes curse thei gete, *nisi Deus instat aliquando.*
Wantounly¶ brestes *procedunt arte prophana;*
Prechour ne prestes *possunt hæc pellere vana.*
With poyntes full stronge *caligas de more sigillant,*
Now shorte and now longe, *ut venter ecce vacillant.*
Now* knokelyd elbowes *manace laqueant lacerale;*
In frost and† snowes, *ut aves spectant laqueatæ.*
Whan frost awakis, *et stringunt frigore gentes,*
Than ther teth quakis, *sed se quasi concutientes.*
Ful ofte tymes, i-wys, *gelido fervent in amore,*
Ther special when thei kis, *distillant nasus in ore.*
Huf a galaunt thee atowch,‡ *unguentum stillat amoris,*
I wold ful were here pouche *tanti dulcedine roris!*
Lo! this for a gret nede, *sua myssent ora libenter,*
Whosoever take hede, *manet loquor irreverenter.*
"*Vive la bele!*" thei cri, *fragrantia viva bibentes,*

---

* *Wher'er.* † Spurs. ‡ *Strayt bond.*
§ *Other men.* ‖ *A mon.* ¶ *Womonly* * *Theyer.*
† *And in.* ‡ If a gallant touch thee.

Thei drynke til thei* drye, *lingua sensuque carentes.*
Thei crye, "fille the bolles!† *bonus est liquor, hic maneamus!*
For al cristyn soulys, *dum durant vasa, bibamus!*"
Whan men reste takis, *noctis sompno recreati,*
Suche felowes wakis, *ad dampna patranda parati.*
Armes, sydis, and blode, *horum quidam recitabit;*
Yit whan he is most wode, *hunc sermo blandus domabit.*
Paraventure at an houre *poscunt hii tempora plausis,*
A contre tenour‡ *cantabit carcere clausis.*
Of the chirche that I write, *non forte placet sibi psalmus;*
Now§ sey I, for this dispite, *si me Deus adjuvat almus,*
Alas, and wele away! *decus ecclesiæ tenebrassit;*
Lyght wol fayle, I dar say, *sanctus nunc spiritus assit.*
Symon, the that fals man *decus nocet ecclesiarum;*‖
Moche sorue¶ he began, *virus diffudit amarum;*
And than, false avarise, *satis ecclesiam laqueasti,*
With many* evyl vice *Christi sponsam violasti.*
Here myght I more sey,† *tamen ordo vetat seriarum;*
Of soche more se ye may *in libris ecclesiarum.*
The lanterne of lyght *non fulget luce serena;*
Yt is not al aryght, *populus bibit ecce venena.*
Oure kyng and oure lord *servet, regat, et teneatur;*
God that with his honde *cælum terram moderatur;*
In age as hee growith, *sua crescat gratia fructu;*
Ful litle hee knowith, *quanto dolet Anglia luctû.*

---

* *They be.* † *Bowls.* ‡ Counter-tenor.
§ *Noght.* ‖ Alluding to simony. ¶ Sorrow.
* *Other.* † *Here mekyl more myght I say.*

VIII.

THE BASELARD.

THE baselard was a knife, with an ornamental handle, and a decorated sheath, worn in the centre of the girdle in the fourteenth century, and which continued in use until the reign of Elizabeth. That it was worn by those more remarkable for their foppery than their courage the ensuing satirical ballad seems to show. It is given from Sloane MS., No. 2593 (compiled in the reign of Henry V, or earlier); it possesses much humour, and shows how unchangeable human nature has ever been with swaggering fashionables. The love that all young fellows had for such decorative portions of costume is alluded to in the old French song, on p. 11. Priests were strictly forbidden their use: yet so strong was their love for such articles that *Piers Plowman*, speaking of Anti-christ, says:—

"Proude preestes coome with hym
Mo than a thousand,
In paltokes and pyked shoes,
And pisseris longe knyves."

The paltocks being short clokes, unfitting the gravity of men of religion; the peaked shoes, an extravagant folly of the day; and the knives, still more unfitting the clerical character; the same author advises them to carry a pair of beads in their hands, instead of their baselardes, for now he adds:

"Sire Johan and sire Geffrey
Hath a girdel of silver,
A baselard, or a ballok-knyf,
With botons over gilte."

The following song has been printed by Mr. Wright in his little volume of *Songs and Carols*, published by Pickering, 1836.

Prenegard, prenegard, thus bere I myn baselard.
Lestenit,* lordyngs, I you beseke,†
Ther is non man worth a leke,
Be he sturdy, be he meke,
But‡ he bere a baselard.
Myn baselard hath a shethe of red,
And a clene loket of led,
Me thinkit I may bere up myn hed,
For I bere myn baselard.

My baselard hath a wrethen hafte,§
Quhan I am ful of ale cawte,‖
It is gret dred of man slawte,¶
For then I bere, &c.
My baselard hath a sylver schape,*
Therfore I may both gaspe and gape,
Me thinkit I go lyk non knape,†
For I bere a baselard.

My baselard hath a trencher‡ kene,
Fayr as rasour scharp and schene,
Evere me thinkit I may be kene,
For I bere, &c.
As I gede up in the streete,
With a cartere I gan mete;
"Felaw," he seyde, "so mot I the,§
Thou shalt forgo‖ thi baselard."

---

* Listen. † Beseech. ‡ Unless.
§ Twisted; platted. ‖ Caught. ¶ Slaughter.
* *Chape*, the cross-bar, or guard. † Lad; clown.
‡ Blade. § So may I thrive. ‖ Let go

The cartere his qwyppe* began to take,
An al myn fleych† began to qwake,
And I was lefe‡ for to escape,
And there I left myn baselard.
Quan I cam forth onto myn damme§
Men hed was brokyn to the panne,‖
Che seyde I was a praty manne,
And wel cowde bere myn baselard.

IX.

BALLAD ON THE FORKED HEAD-DRESSES OF LADIES.

This satirical production of "Dan John Lydgate," the chief poet of the reign of Henry V; one of the most prolific of versifiers, and, as Warton observes, "not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general"; is given from MS. Oxon. Laud. D. 31, N. 683, Bernard, 798, as printed in Mr. Halliwell's *Selection from Lydgate's Minor Poems*. The fashion satirized by our poet was one that had previously called for condemnation, as this volume already proves; but we meet with no pictured instance then, equalling the monstrosity of those now worn; and of which an example is given from an illumination in the Royal MS. 15, E. iv. Monstrelet notices, in his *Chronicles*, that a certain friar, named Thomas Conecte, carried his opposi-

* Whip. † Flesh. ‡ Glad.
§ Dame. ‖ The brain-pan, an old term for the skull.

tion to this fashion so far, as to travel through Flanders, preaching against it: "he was so vehement against them, that no woman thus dressed dared to appear in his presence; for he was accustomed, when he saw any of them with such dresses, to excite the little boys to torment and plague them, giving them certain days of pardon for so doing, and which, he said, he had the power of granting. He ordered the boys to shout after them, *au hennin, au hennin!* even when the ladies were departed from him, and from hearing his invectives; and the boys pursuing them, endeavoured to pull down these monstrous head-dresses, so that the ladies were forced to seek shelter in places of safety. Many altered their head-tire," he says, "and others gave them to the preacher to burn before his pulpit; but this reform lasted not long, for like as snails, when any one passes by them, draw in their horns, and when all danger seems over put them forth again,—so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their country, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former colossal head-dresses, and wore them even higher than before." It will be observed that this enthusiastic preacher adopted the plan of the Bishop of Paris, mentioned on p. 30, in nick-naming the head-dress, and promising pardons to all who insulted the wearers. It is impossible to suppose that Lydgate's Satire could have had more effect than Conecte's preaching.

HERE GYNNETH A DYTÉ OF WOMENHIS HORNYS.

Off God and kynde procedith al bewté;
  Crafft may shewe a foreyn apparence;
But nature ay must have the sovereynté.
  Thyng countirfeet hath noon existence.
Tween gold and gossomer is greet dyfference;
  Trewe metalle requeryth noon allay;
Unto purpos by cleer experyence,
  Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornys wer away.

Ryche attyres of stonys and perré,
Charbonclys, rubyes of moost excellence,
Shewe in darknesse lyght where so they be,
By ther natural hevenly influence.
Doublettys of glass yeve a gret evydence,
Thyng counterfeet wol fayler at assay;
On this mater concludyng in sentence,
Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.

Aleyn remembreth, his compleynt who lyst see,
In his book of famous elloquence:
Clad al in flours and blosmes of a tre
He sauhe nature in hir moost excellence,
Upon hir hed a kerche of Valence,
Noon other richesse of counterfet array;
T'exemplyfie by kyndely provydence,
Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.

Famous poetis of antyquyté,
In Grece and Troye renomed of prudence,
Wrot of Queen Heleyne and Penelope,
Of Pollycene, with hir chast innocence;
For wyves trewe calle Lucrece to presence;
That they wer faire ther can no man sey nay;
Kynde wrouht hem with so gret dyllygence,
Ther beuté kouth hornys wer cast away.

Clerkys recorde, by gret auctoryté,
Hornes wer yove to bestys for dyffence;
A thyng contrarye to femynyté,
To be maad sturdy of resystence.

But arche wives, egre in ther vyolence,
Fers as tygres for to make affray,
They have despit, and ageyn concyence,
Lyst nat of pryde, then hornes cast away.

L'ENVOYE.

Noble princessis, this litel schort dyté,
Rudely compyled, lat it be noon offence
To your womanly mercifulle pyté,
Though it be rad in your audyence;
Peysed every thyng in your just advertence,
So it be noon dysplesaunce to your pay;
Under support of your pacyence,
Yeveth example hornes to cast away.

Grettest of vertues ys humylyté,
As Salamon seith, sonne of sapyence,
Most was accepted onto the Deyté,
Taketh heed herof, yevethe to his wordis credence,
How Maria, whiche hadde a premynence
Above alle women, in Bedlem whan she lay,
At Crystys birthe no cloth of gret dispence,
She wered a kovercheef, hornes wer cast away.

Off birthe she was hihest of degré,
To whom alle angellis dyd obedyence;
Of Davidis lyne wich sprang out of Jessé,
In whom alle vertues by just convenyence,
Maad stable in God by gostly confydence,
This rose of Jericho, ther grewh non suyche in May,
Pore in spirit, parfit in pacyence,
In whom alle hornes of pride wer put away.

Modyr of Jhesu, myrour of chastyté,
In woord nor thouht that nevere dyd offence;
Trewe examplire of virgynyté,
Hed spryng and welle of parfit contynence;
Was never clerk by rethoryk nor scyence
Koude all hir vertues reherse onto this day;
Noble pryncessis of meek benyvolence,
Be example of hir your hornes cast away.

X.

BALLAD AGAINST EXCESS IN APPAREL, ESPECIALLY IN THE CLERGY.

From Harleian MS. No. 372. It is written on a little slip of paper, and was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century, says Strutt, in his *History of Dress*. Mr. Planché, in his Notes to the last edition of that work (vol. ii, p. 140) says, "that from the mention of the high caps, and letting the hair grow into the eyes, the date should not be later than 1467," when Monstrelet notes this change in costume; and Paradin says: "they suffered their hair to grow after the *Nazarene fashion*; and to such a length as to obstruct their sight, and cover the greater part of the face." The lines which commence this ballad are evidently paraphrased from those which the Scots made in the reign of Edward III, and which ran thus:—

"Long beirds hertiless,
Peynted hood witless,
Gay cotes graceless,
Maketh Englonde thriftlesse."

And which are said to have been chaunted in their derision, and affixed to the door of St. Peter's church, at Stangate. The excesses of the clergy met with many notices from the writers of medieval times, who attack them for their fondness for the fashionable fopperies of the laity. The luxuriousness of the church apparel, rivalling that of royalty, was not to them so exceptionable as their love for short dresses, cut and trimmed at the edges into the form of leaves; for jewelled girdles and daggers at their side; for hawks, hounds, and sports unsuited to decorum or their sacred character. Chaucer's Miller is loud in his condemnation, and so is *Piers Plowman*, see p. 49; and Staunton, in his *Visions of Purgatory*, describes vain prelates, who had worn such clothing, tormented with serpents, snakes, and other reptiles, to which the "jagges and dagges" of their vainglorious clothing had been transformed for their punishment.

Ye prowd galantts hertlesse,
With your hygh cappis witlesse,
And your schort gownys thriftlesse,
Have brought this lond in gret hevynesse.

With your long peked shone,
Therfore your thrifte is almost don;
And your longe here in to your eyen,
Have brought this lond to gret pyne.

Ye poope holy* prestis full of presomcion,
With your wyde fueryd hodes,† voyd of discrecion;
Un to your owyn prechyng of contrary condition,
Whech causeth the people to have lesse devocion.

---

* Hypocritical. † Furred hoods.

Avauncid by symony in cetees and townys,
Make shorter your taylis, and broder your crownys,
Leve your short stuffede dowblettes and your pleytid gownys,
And kepe your owyn howsyng, and passe not your boundis.

Repreve not other men, I shall tell you whye,
Ye be so lewyd your selfe there setteth no man you bye.
Yt is not but a schame, ye wold be called holly,*
For worse dysposyd people levyth not under the skye.

Ffirst make fre yourselfe, that now to synet be bounde,
Leve syne and drede, than may ye take on hande
Other to repreve, and that I understonde,
Ye may amende all other, and bryng pese to londe.

XI.

SONG ON SERVING MEN.

From Sloane MS. No. 1584; a small thick volume, partly paper, and partly parchment, containing a heterogeneous mass of subjects; some considerably older than others. Ritson has printed it in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 91, and says that the book was the manual of a priest in the time of Henry VIII, who wrote many of the pieces. The ensuing song appears to be as old as the reign of Edward IV. The burthen was exceedingly popular,

* Holy. † Sin.

and is mentioned in the *Vision of Piers Plowman* as a country chorus.

> "And thanne seten hemme,
> And songen at nale,
> And holpen ere this half acre
> With hey, trolly lolly."

So well ys me be gone. Troly, lole lo.
Well ys me be gone. Troley, loley.
Off servyng men I wyll begyne. Troley, loley.
For they goo mynyon trym. Troley, loley.
Off mete, and drynk, and feyr clothyng. Troley, loley.
By dere God I want none. Troley, loly.
His bonet is of fyne scarlett. Troly, loley.
With here as black as geitt.* Troly, lolye.
His dublett ys of fyne satyne. Troly, lolye.
Hys shertt well mayd and tryme. Troly, lolye.
Hys coytt† itt is so tryme and rownde. Troly, loly.
His kysse is worth a hundred pounde. Troly, lolye.
His hoysse‡ of London black. Troly, lolye.
In hyme there ys no lack. Troly, lolye.
His face yt ys so lyk a man. Troly, lolye.
Who can butt love hym than. Troly, lolye.
Whersoever he be he hath my heart. Troly, lolye.
And shall to deth depart. Troly, lolye.
So well ys me be gone, Troly, loly.
So well ys me be gone. Troly, lolye.

---

* Jet. † Coat. ‡ Hose.

XII.

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

THIS elegant poem is given from the *Ancient Scottish Poems*, published from the manuscript of George Bannatyne, 1568, (edited by Lord Hailes, Edin. 1770); it is the work of one of the most graceful of the minor Scottish poets, Robert Henrysoun, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century, but of whom little more is recorded than that he was a preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent, at Dunfermling; and is alluded to by Dunbar, in his *Lament for the deth of the Makkaris* (or poets); where, speaking of death, he says:—

"In Dunfermling he has tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henrysoun."

He appears to have deserved the epithet affixed to his name by his brother poet, equally with "the moral Gower." His works have much of beauty and simplicity in them, and are free of the licentiousness too often indulged in by his contemporaries. He is best known to English readers by his beautiful pastoral "Robin and Makyne," in *Percy's Reliques*. Lord Hailes, in his notes on the following poem, calls it "a sort of paraphrase of 1 Tim. ii, 9-11." Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, says that the idea was previously conceived by Olivier de la Marche, who, in a poem entitled, *Le triomphe ou Parement des Dames d'honneur*, recommends to the ladies, slippers of humility, shoes of diligence, stockings of perseverance, garters of determination, a petticoat of chastity, a pincushion of patience, &c.

THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS.

WALD my gud lady lufe me best,
And wirk after my will,
I suld ane garment gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.*

* Cause to be made for her.

Of hé* honour suld† be her hud,‡
Upoun hir heid to weir,
Garneist§ with governance so gud,
Na demyng suld hir deir.‖

Hir sark¶ suld be hir body nixt,
Of chestitie so quhyt,*
With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be perfyt.†

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance,‡
Lasit with lesum lufe,§
The mailyeis‖ of continwance¶
For nevir to remufe.

Her gown suld be of gudliness,
Weill ribband with renowne,
Purfillit* with plesour in ilk† place,
Furrit‡ with fyne fassoun.§

Hir belt suld be of benignitie,
About her middill meit;
Her mantill of humilitie,
To tholl‖ bayth wind and weit.

---

* High. † Should. ‡ Hood. § Garnished. ‖ No opinion should dismay her; *i. e.*, she should have no cause to fear censure.
¶ Shift. * White. † Perfect. ‡ Constancy. § Loyal love.
‖ Net-work; *Fr.* here it means the eylet-holes for lacing her kirtle.
¶ Continence. * Purfilé; *Fr.* fringed, or bordered. † Each.
‡ Furred. § Fashion. ‖ Bear.

Hir hat suld be of fair having,
And her tipat* of trewth,
Hir patelet† of gude pansing,‡
Hir hals-ribbane of rewth.§

Hir slevis suld be of esperance,
To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis‖ of the gud govirnance,
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of sickernes,¶
In syne that scho nocht slyd;
Hir hois* of honestie, I ges,
I suld for hir provyd.

Wald scho† put on this garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my seill,‡
That scho woir§ nevir grene nor gray
That set hir‖ half so weill.

XIII.

AMENDIS TO THE TAILORS AND SOWTARS.

From Laing's edition of the poems of William Dunbar, (born about 1460, died about 1520) 2 vols., 8vo., Edin., 1834; in his "Justis betuix the Tailyeour and Sowtar," he had treated both

---

* Tippet. † Partelet; a neckerchief, or gorget.
‡ Thinking. § Her neck-ribbon of truth.
‖ Gloves. ¶ Security: steadiness. * Hose.
† She. ‡ Felicity. § Wore. ‖ Became her.

trades with sarcasm. This poem occurs both in the Bannatyne MS., written in 1568, and the Maitland MS., nearly coeval. Mr. Laing remarks, that "the old Scottish poets seem to have had an especial antipathy to the two professions of tailor and shoemaker."

Betuix twell houris and ęllevin,
I dremed ane angell came fra hevin,
With plesand stevin, sayand on hie,
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

In hevin hie ordand is your place,
Aboif all sanctis in gret solace,
Nixt God, grittest in dignitie:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

The cause to yow is nocht unkend,
That God mismakkis ye do amend,
Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

Sowtaris, with schone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of ill maid feit.
Quhairfoir to hevin your saulis will flie:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,*
That has upoun his feit a wyrok,†
Knowll tais,‡ nor mowlis,§ in no degrie,
But ye can hyd thame: blist be ye.

---

* Deformed person. † Corn, or bony excrescence on the foot.
‡ Toes swelled at joints § Chilblains.

And tailyeouris with weil maid clais,
Can mend the worst maid man that gaiss,
And mak him semely for to se:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

Thocht God mak ane misfassonit man,
Ye can him all schaip new agane,
And fassoun him better be sic thré:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

Thocht a man haif a broken bak,
Haif ye a gude crafty tailyeour, quhat-rak,
That can it cuer with craftes slie!
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

Off God grit kyndness may ye claime,
That helpes his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your supplie:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

In erd ye kyth sic mirakilles heir,
In hevin ye sal be sanctis full cleir,
Thocht ye be knaves in this cuntré:
Tailyeouris and sowtaris, blist be ye.

XIV.

THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW-A-DAYES.

A BALLAD with this title was given in the first volume published by the Percy Society—*The Old Ballads*, edited by Mr. Collier. It was thence reprinted by the Rev. A. Dyce, in his edition of *The Poetical Works of John Skelton*, vol. i, p. 148; but, in a note vol. ii, p. 199, he says: "In giving this poem a place among our author's undoubted productions, I now apprehend that I deferred too much to the judgment of my friend, Mr. J. P. Collier, who had recently reprinted it, without suspecting its genuineness. It may, after all, be Skelton's; but at any rate it is only a *rifacimento* of the following verses,—found in MS. Sloane, 747, fol. 88 (the Register of the Abbey of Missenden, Berks), and very difficult to decipher." It may be worth remarking, that the concluding speech in Skelton's *Speke Parrot* is conceived in a similar strain. The Sloane MS. may be a corrupt version of Skelton's poem, it is, certainly, the work of a bungler. The "Generall Satyre," of the old Scottish poet, Dunbar, is evidently the prototype of the following lines, which are conceived in a similar strain, even to the phraseology adopted.

So propre cappes,
So lytle hattes,
And so false hartes,
Saw y never.
So wyde gownes,
In cytees and townes,
And so many sellers of bromys,
Say I never.

Suche garded huoes,*
Suche playted shoes,†
And suche a pose,
Say y never.
Dowbletes not (?) syde,
The syde so wyde,
And so moche pryde,
Was never.
So many ryven shertes,‡
So well appareld chyrches,
And so many lewed clerkes,
Say I never.
So fayre coursers,
So godely trappers,
And so fewe foluers,
Say y never.
So many fayere suerdes,
So lusty knyghtes and lordes,
And so fewe covered bordes,
Say I never.
So joly garded clokes,
So many clyppers of grotes,
And go vntyde be the throtes,
Say I never.

---

* Hose, trimmed with lace or binding. Stubbes, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of "Gally hosen, made very large and wide, reaching down to the knees, only with three or four guardes a-piece, laid down along either hose."

† It was customary to wear shoes at this time very broad at the toes, and pleated and slashed like the doublet, showing the coloured hose within. ‡ Ornamented with slashes.

So many wyde pu(r)ces,
And so fewe gode horses,
And so many curses,
Say I never.
Suche bosters and braggers,
And suche new facyshyont daggers,
And so many cursers,
Say I never.
So many propere knyffes,*
So well apparelld wyfes,
And so evyll of there lyfes,
Say I never.
The stretes so swepynge,
With wemen clothynge,
And so moche swerynge,
Say I never.
Suche blendynge of legges,
In tounes and hegges,
And so many plegges,
Say I never.
Of wymen kynde,
Lased be hynde,†
So lyke the fende,
Say I never.

---

* Knives which were worn at the girdle; sometimes in richly chased scabbards of goldsmith's work.

† This fashion of lacing the gown behind appears to have come into use in the reign of Henry VII. I must refer to my work on Costume, p. 236, for a good engraved example.

So many spyes,
So many lyes,
And so many thevys,
Say I never.
So many wronges,
So few mery songges,
And so many ivel tonges,
Say I neuer.
So moche trechery,
Symony and vsery,
Poverte and lechery,
Say I never.
So fewe sayles,
So lytle avayles,
And so many jayles,
Sawe y never.
So many Esterlynges,
Lombardes and Flemynges,
To bere away our wynynges,
Sawe I never.
Be there sotyll weys,
All Englande decays,
For such false Januayes,
Sawe I never.
Amonge the ryche,
Where frenship ys to seche,
But so fayre glosynge speche,
Sawe I never.
So many poore,
Comynge to the dore,

And so litle socour,
Sawe I never.
So prowde and say (gay?),
So joly in aray,
And so little money,
Sawe I never.
So many sellers,
So fewe byers,
And so many Marchaunt Taylors,
Sawe I never.
Executores, havynge mony and ware,
Than havynge so little care,
How the pore sowle shall fare,*
Sawe I never.
So many lawers† vse
The truthe to refuse,
And such falsehed excuse,
Sawe I never.
Whan a man ys dede,
His wiffe so shortely wed,
And havynge suche hast to bed,
Sawe I never.
So many maydens blamed,
Wrongefully not defamed,
And beyenge so lytle ashamyd,
Sawe I never.

---

* For a curious illustration of this stanza I must refer to my notes to Barclay's *Eclogue* (Percy Society, 1847), p. 45.

† Lawyers.

Relygiouse in cloystere closyd,
And prestes and large* losed,
Beyenge so evyll disposyd,
Sawe I never.
God save our sovereynge lord the kynge,
And all his royal sprynge,
For so noble a prince reyny(n)ge,
Sawe I never.

XV.

ANE SUPPLICATION,

DIRECTIT FROME SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY, KNICHT,

TO THE KINGIS GRACE,

In contemptioun† of Syde‡ Taillis, and Mussalit faces.

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount, Lord Lyon king-at-arms, was born, says Chalmers, probably about 1490, and was alive in 1555, but he believes he died about 1557, though some say he lived till 1567. The satire here reprinted is given, with the notes, from Chalmers' edition of his works, vol. ii, p. 190, and is remarkable for its rude strength, in condemnation of that superfluity of cloth in dress which had again become fashionable in the reign of Richard II, and is incorrectly said by Camden, to

* Query, "at large?" but it is by no means certain that "large" is the reading of the manuscript.

† Contempt.

‡ Syde, side, in the A. S. of Somner is long, large.

have been introduced by his queen, Anne of Bohemia; but the fashion was much older, and may be traced to the Normans. During the reign of Edward I, a monkish satirist gave us the following story "of a proud woman" (here translated from Mr. Wright's *Collection of Latin Stories*, published by the Percy Society)—"I have heard of a proud woman, who wore a white dress, with a long tail;* which trailing behind her, raised a dust, even as far the altar and the crucifix. But, as she left the church, and lifted up her train on account of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing; and having adjured him to tell why he laughed, the devil said: 'a companion of mine was just now sitting on the train of that woman, using it as if it were his chariot, but when she lifted her train up, my companion was shaken off into the dirt: and that is why I was laughing.'" The custom continued until the reign of Edward IV, when the ladies even exceeded their previous doings, and an enormous quantity of cloth was used to widen and lengthen the gown. Chalmers says:—"The parliament of James II did all that men could do to regulate dress, and to restrain *the tails of women*, as we know from Robertson's *Parliamentary Records*. Dunbar drew his sharpest pen against the ladies' *farthingaillis*; and reproves with wittiest indignation—

> 'Sic *fowl taillis to sweep the calsay clene;*
> The dust upskaillis mony a fillock.'

Lyndesay seems to have had his eye on this sumptuary satire of Dunbar, when he sat down to pen his 'Supplication against Syde Taillis.' Yet, did our poet express his *contemption* in vain. In his 'Monarchies' he again attacks female fashions; he arraigns the *ladyis* with a sort of profane mixture of seriousness and levity, at the judgment-seat of final retribution:—

> 'Ye wantoun ladyis, and burgis wyvis,
> That now for sydest taillis stryvis:
> Flappand the filth amang your feit,

* *Cauda*—literally *tails*; the tails of a gown.

Raising the dust into the streit;
That day, for all your pomp and pryde,
Your taillis sall nocht your hippes hyde.'

'The Supplication against Syde Taillis' seems to have been written during the year 1538."

Schir, thocht your grace hes put gret ordour,
Baith in the hieland, and the bordour ;*
Yit mak I supplicatioun,
Till have sum reformatioun
Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to ressoun :
Because the mater bene so vyle,
It may nocht have ane ornate style :
Quhairfor, I pray your excellence,
To heir me with greit patience :
Of stinkand weidis maculate,†
Na man may make ane rois chaiplate.‡
Soverane I mene of thir syde taillis,
Quhilk throw the dust, and dubbis§ traillis,
Three quarteris lang behynd thair heillis,‖

---

* This reform took place in 1529.

† *Maculate;* stained, tainted. The English have the verb, to *maculate*, but not the adject. or subst. maculate. Shakespeare has *maculation*.

"I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no *maculation* in thy heart."

‡ Rose chaplet.

§ Mire, dirt. *Dub;* a pool of water, says Kersay.

‖ The tails trailed three-quarters of a yard behind their heels, against the good of the community.

Express agane all common weillis.
Thocht bischoppis, in thair pontificallis,
Have men for to beir up thair taillis,
For dignitie of thair office;
Richt so ane quene, or ane emprice;
Howbeit thay use sic gravitie,
Conformand to thair majestie,
Thocht thair robe royallis be upborne,
I think it is ane verray scorne,
That every lady of the land
Suld have hir taill so syde trailland;*
Howbeit thay bene of hie estait,
The quene,† thay suld nocht counterfait:
Quhare ever thay go, it may be sene,
How kirk, and calsay, thay soup clene,‡
The imagis into the kirk
May think of thair syde taillis irk:§
For quhen the wedder bene maist fair,
The dust fleis hiest in the air,
And all thair facis dois begarie,‖
Gif thay culd speik, thay walde thame warie,¶
To se I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the ladyis bricht,
In thair clething maist tryumphand,

---

* Trailing so long behind them.

† The queen must have been Mary of Guise, the consort of James V.

‡ The kirk, and causey, the sweep clean.

§ *Irk* means pain, uneasiness: it is here inappropriately used for the rhyme. ‖ Besmear. ¶ Revile.

Above all other Christin land:
Yit, quhen thay travell throw the townis,
Men seis thair feit beneth thair gownis,
Four inche aboue thair proper heillis,
Circular about, als round as quheillis.*
Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
Thair fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis:
Bot, I think maist abusioun,
To se men of religioun,
Gar beir thair taillis throw the streit,
That folkis† may behald thair feit,
I trow Sanct Bernard, nor Sanct Blais,
Gart never man beir up thair clais,‡
Peter, nor Paule, nor Sanct Androw,
Gart never beir up thair taillis, I trow:
Bot, I lauch best to se ane nun,
Gar beir hir taill aboue hir bun,§
For no thing ellis, as I suppois,
Bot for to schaw lillie quhyte hois,‖
In all thair rewlis, thay will nocht find
Quha suld beir up thair taillis behind:
Bot I have maist into despyte,
Pure claggokis¶ cled in roploch quhyte,*

---

* As round as wheels.

† *Folkis*; folk: Lyndsay gives plurals to collective nouns.

‡ Clothes.

§ Cause bear her tail above her bum; *bun*, for the rhyme.

‖ Lilly-white hose.

¶ Draggle tails. * Cloth made of wool in its natural colour.

Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thair feis,*
Will have twa ellis† beneth thair kneis;
Kittock,‡ that clekkit was yestrene,§
The morne, will counterfait the quene:
Ane mureland Meg,‖ that milkis the yowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis,¶
In barn, nor byir, scho will nocht byde,
Without hir kirtill taill be syde:
In burrowis, wantoun burges wyvis,
Quha may have sydest tailis stryvis,*
Weill bordourit with velvoit† fyne,
But following thame it is ane pyne:
In somer quhen the streittis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abuve the skyis,
Nane may ga neir thame at their eis,
Without thay cover mouth and neis,‡
Frome the powder to keip thair ene,
Consider gif thair cloiffis be clene.
Betwixt thair cleving, and thair kneis,

---

* Who have barely two marks for their yearly wages; 26*s.* 8*d.* Scots money, during the reign of James V, were equal to 8*s.* 8*d.* at present.—*Rud. Introd. Dipl. Scotiæ.*

† Two ells; *i. e.*, two yards and two inches.

‡ *Kittock;* a wench. With the *kittock* of the Scottish poetry, and the French *catin*, there seems to be a near connection.—*Dict. Comique, in vo.* § That was hatched last night.

‖ A Moorland Meg; Peg, the familiar name of Margaret.

¶ Bedraggled above the houghs.

* He again, in the fourth book of *Monarchies*, attacks the wanton burges' wives; for striving who may have sydest, or longest tails. † Velvet. ‡ Nose.

Quha micht behald thair sweitie theis,
Begairit* all with dirt and dust.
That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of any man, that saw thame naikit,
I think sic giglottis† are bot glaikit:‡
Without profite to have sic pryde,
Hailand thair claggit taillis so syde§:
I wald thae borrowstounis barnis had breikkis,‖
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis:
I dreid that Malkin die for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
I think maist pane after ane rane,
To se thame tukit up agane;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thair faldingis flappis¶ about thair feit,
Thair laithlie lyning furthwart flypit,*
Quhilk hes the muk, and midding, wypit.†
Thay waist mair claith, within few yeiris,
Nor wald cleith fyftie score of peiris:‡
Quhen Marioun from the midding gois,

---

* Besmeared.

† *Giglet*, and kittock, equally signify a romping wench: *giglet* is often used by Shakespeare:—

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglet* wench."

‡ Foolish. § Dragging their clotted tails so long.

‖ He wishes, that the towns-women had breeches, to prevent the effect of the dust. ¶ Foldings flap.

* Their loathsome lining outward turned.

† Which has the dirt and dung-hill wiped.

‡ This is the complaint of the *parson* in Chaucer.

Frome hir morneturne,* scho strypis the nois,
And all the day, quhare ever scho go,
Sic liquour scho likkith up also:
The turcumis† of hir taill, I trow,
Mich be ane supper till ane sow.
I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane kittokis claithis,
And wald have done, I wat nocht quhat;
But sone remeid of lufe he gat,
He thocht na schame to mak it wittin,‡
How hir syde tayle was all beschitten,
Of filth sic flewer straik till his hart,
That he behovit for till depart;
Quod scho, gude schir, me think ye rew;
Quod he, your taill makis sic ane stew,
That, be Sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it,§
Ye war nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.
Of taillis I will no more indyte,
For dreid sum duddroun‖ me dispyte:
Nochtwistanding, I will conclude,
That of syde taillis can cum na gude,
Syder nor may thair hanclethis hyde,¶
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And pryde proceidis of the devill,
Thus alway they proceid of evill.
Ane uther fault, schir, may be sene,

---

* Morn *darg* in Sibbald. † Collections, gatherings.
‡ Known. § I cannot abide it. ‖ Slut.
¶ Longer than is required to hide their ancles.

Thay hyde thair face all bot the ene,
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without reverence thay slyde away,
That none may knaw, I yow assure,
Ane honest woman, be ane hure,
Without thair naikit face I se,
Thay get no mo gude dayis of me.
Hail* ane Frence lady quhen ye pleis,
Scho wil discover mouth, and neis;
An with ane humill countenance,
With visage bair, mak reverence.
Quhen our ladyis dois ryde in rane,
Suld no man have thame at disdane,
Thocht thay be coverit mouth and neis.
In that case thay will nane displeis,
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places,
I thame excuse, to hyde thair faces,
Quhen thay wald mak collatioun,
With any lustie companyeoun,
Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,
Ye may considder quhat I mene;
Bot, in the kirk,† and market placis,

---

* *Hail;* salute.

† The sumptuary of James II ordains:—"That na woman cum to the kirk, nor mercat, with her face mussaled, that scho may nocht be kend, under the pane of escheit of the curchie." A muffler of the time of Henry VIII is here given, from the paintings of his French expeditions, formerly at Cowdray. They are noticed in *The Cobler's Prophesie*, 1594, where the variable

I think thay suld nocht hide thair facis:
Without thair faltis be sone amendit,
My flyting, schir, sall never be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsall tak,
Ane proclamatioun ye suld mak,
Baith throw the land, and borrowstounis,
To schaw thair face, and cut thair gounis,
Nane suld fra that exemptit be,
Except the quenis majeste,
Because this mater is nocht fair,
Of rethorik it maun be bair:
Wemen will say, this is na bourdis,*
To wryte sic vyle and filthie wordis;
Bot, wald thay clenge thair filthy taillis,
Quhilk ovir the myris, and middingis taillis;
Than, suld my wryting clengit be,
None other mendis† thay get of me;
The suith‡ suld nocht be haldin clos,
Veritas non querit angulos.
I wait gude wemen that bene wyse,
This rurall ryme will nocht dispryse;§
None will me blame, I yow assure,
Except ane wanton glorious hure,

---

nature of women's fashions are ridiculed:—

"Now is she barefaced to be seen, straight on her muffler goes;
Now is she hufft up to the croune, straight musled to the nose."

Such a muffler, it will be remembered, forms a very essential part of Falstaff's disguise as "the fat woman of Brentford."

* Jests. † Satisfaction. ‡ The truth.

§ Dispraise.

Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle:
Fair weill! ye get na mair of me.

Quod Lyndesay, in contempt of the syde taillis,
That duddrounis, and duntibouris* throw the dubbis traillis.

XVI.

A DOSSEN OF POINTS, SENT BY A GENTLEWOMAN TO HER LOVER FOR A NEWE YEARES GIFTE.

From Sloane MS. No. 1896; a collection of moral poems, and narrative ballads, "written by Robert Smith and others, sufferers in Queen Mary's days," mixed with some of later date.† The following appears to be a production of the early part of Elizabeth's reign. I believe it to be the very ballad alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his comedy of *Bartholomew Fayre* (act ii, sc. 4); where Nightingale, the ballad-singer, rehearsing the titles of his wares, mentions three of these moralizations:—

> "*A dozen of divine points*, and the *godly garters*,
> *The fairing of good councell*, of an ell and three quarters."

The fondness which the puritans ultimately imbibed for such far-fetched conceits may be illustrated from a passage of Jasper Mayne's play, *The City Match*, 1639, from which it appears they

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* Sluts and harlots.

† A poem written by the Earl of Essex, *late deceased*, 1576, is among them.

literally moralized dress, by working religious sentences upon it:

> "Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too:
> She works religious petticoats; for flowers
> She'll make church histories: besides
> My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
> And are so learned, that I fear in time
> All my apparel will be quoted by
> Some pure instructor."

Nor is this a solitary notice of the custom, for in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Rutilio says of another gentleman:—

> "Having a mistress, sure you should not be
> Without a neat historical shirt."

As I on a new yeares day
Did walcke amidst the streate,
My restlesse eyes for you, my hart,
Did seke a fayring mete.
I sercht throughout the faire,
But nothing coulde I fynde:
No, no, of all ther was not one
That would content my mynde.
But all the boothes were filled
With fancyes fond attyre,
And trifling toyes were set to sale,
For them that would requyre.
Then to myselfe quoth I,
What meanes theise childish knacks;
Is all the faire for children made,
Or fooles that bables lackes?
Are theise the goodly gifts,
The new yeare to beginne;

Which friends present unto their friends,
Their fayth and love to winne?
I se I came in vayne,
My labour all is lost,
I will departe and kepe my purse,
From making any cost.
But se my happy chaunce,
Whilest I did hast away:
Dame Vertue doth display her booth,
My hasty feete to stay.
I joyfull of the sight,
Did preace* unto the place,
To se the tricke† and trimmed tent,
For suche a ladyes grace.
And after I had viewed
Eache thing within her seate,
I found a knotte of peerlesse points‡
Beset with posyes§ neate.

---

* Press; go hastily. † Neat, elegant.

‡ Metal tags, at the end of ribbons, used for securing the different parts of dress: "his *points* being loosened, down fell his hose."—Shakespere's *Henry IV*, part I, act ii, sc. 4.

§ Short rhyming sentences, most usually inscribed on rings, but sometimes on brooches, and even on stirrups. In *Wits Recreations*, 1640, are many of these couplets, such as:—

"May God above
Encrease our love."

And similar innocent jingles. Cokes, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fayre*, speaking of the "delicate brooches for the bridemen," he will prepare for his wedding, says:—"I'le ha' this poesie put to 'em: *for the best grace*, meaning mistress *Grace*—my wedding poesie!"

Theise points in number twelve,
Did shew them selves to be:
The sence wherof by poets skil,
I will declare to the.

1. With meate before the set,
Suffise but nature's scant;
2. Be sure thy tongue at table tyme,
Noe sober talke doe want.
3. Let word, let thought, and dede,
In honest wise agree:
4. And loke the pore in tyme of nede,
Thy helping hand may see.
5. When foes invade the realme,
Then shew thy might and strength;
6. Tell truth in place wher thou dost come,
For falshed failes at length;
7. Be fast and firme to freinde,
As thou wouldest him to be:
8. Be shamefast there wher shamfull dedes,
Be offred unto the.
9. Weare not suche costly clothes,
As are not for thy state:
10. Heare eache man's cause as thoh he wer
In wealth thine equall mate.
11. In place thy maners shewe,
In right and comly wyse:
12. From the let peace and quietnesse,
And wars from others ryse.

With theise twelve vertuous points,
Se thou do tye thee round,

And lyke and love this simple gifte,
Till better may be found.
Yet one point thou dost lacke,
To tye thy hose before:
Love me as I love the, and shall,
From hence for evermore.
Farwell.

XVII.

A LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF THE PORE COUNTRYMEN AGAINSTE GREAT HOSE,* FOR THE LOSSE OF THEIR CATTELLES TAILS.

From a collection of papers on various subjects originally belonging to John Stow (Harleian MS., No. 367). The fashion satirized was the extravagant one of stuffing the breeches with wool, tow, or hair, to make them of a most preposterous size. In Harleian MS., No. 980, is the following:—"Memorandum, that over the seats in the parliament house there were certain holes, some two inches square, in the walls; in which were placed posts, to uphold a scaffold round about the house within,

* The original word for the modern breeches, which being originally in one piece to the ancle, became separated in the sixteenth century: the upper part being termed hose; the lower, or leg covering—nether stock, or stocking; and what we should now term breeches and stockings, being called the "upper stock and neather," as in Thynne's *Debate between Pride and Lowliness*; and "to stock the hose," was simply to affix the lower part, or stockings, to the breeches above.

for them to sit upon who used the wearing of great breeches, stuffed with hair like wool-sacks; which fashion being left the eighth year of Elizabeth, the scaffolds were taken down, and, never since put up." Bulwer, in his *Artificiall Changeling*, 1653 gives the accompanying representation of them: saying:—"At the time when the fashion came up of wearing trunk-hose, some young men used so to stuffe them with rags, and other like things, that you might find some that used such inventions to extend them in compasse, with as great eagernesse as the women did take to weare great and stately verdingales, for this was the same affectation, being a kind of verdingale breeches." He then goes on to tell of a gallant, in whose immense hose a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and bowed to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill; and of a thief who carried off an immense quantity of linen, and other things, concealed in the same spacious receptacle. Wright, in his *Passions of the Minde*, 1601, says:—"they are almost capable of holding a bushel of wheate; and if they be of sack cloth they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill." They were sometimes wrought with needlework, or overlaid with lace, until they became very expensive, and justify the remark of Harrison, in his *Description of Britain*:—"we, men, doe seeme to bestowe most cost upon our a——'s, and much more than upon all the rest of our bodies."

Who so doth longe and lyst to here
What newes I bringe to towne
Shall understande that as of late
I walked up and doune,

Alone my self to recreate,
My studye cast asyde,
I harde a voyce which me amased,
A suddaynelye I spyed
A silly wretche in poore araye,
And bare for to behoulde;
Who cryed, alas! now dye I shall,
For hunger and for coulde;
Because noe meate nor clothe I have,
My neade for to sustayne;
But woo worthe them that art the cause
Of this my pytius payne.
For proude and paynted parragones
And monstrus breched beares,
This realme almost hath cleane distroyed,
Which I reporte with teares.
The greater sorte doth so delyte
To paynte there bodyes gaye,
With howses fayre, and curyus chere,
That eateth all awaye.
Of chymneyes choise, noe smoke therein,
There howses fare and wide;
Noe menne, noe meate, noe place at all,
For poore men to abyde.
The meaner sorte as servinge men,
And those that lyves by arte,
Do still consume there wealth with pryde,
The pore can have noe parte.
And chefely those of eache degree
Who monstruse hose delyghte,

As mounsters fell have done to vs
Most grevus hurte and spyte;
For they doo not so grevus wronge
In wastinge those alone,
Althoughe thearein they fare exceade
Seinge the poore have none.
As now of late in lesser thinges,
To furnyshe forthe theare pryde;
With woole, with flaxe, with hare also,
To make thear bryches wyde.
What hurte and damage doth ensew
And fall upon the poore,
For want of woll and flax of late
Which mounstrus hose devore,
I will not speake, for that I think
Eache man doth knowe the same,
And cheafely thouse that till the growend,
The husband menne by name.
But heare* hath so possessed of late
The bryche of every knave,
That nout one beast nor horse can tell
Whiche waye his tale is savfe.
For now in cuntrey rownde aboute,
Noe geldinge, horse, nor mare,
Nor other beast of any pryse,
Put forthe all nyght wee dare.
Nothinge so fearde we are of theves,
Whiche ofte are layde in jayles,

* Hair.

As now we are of mychinge knaves,*
That cut of horses tayles.
This marchandies is growen so great,
And doth require suche speade,
That ropers all and hearre makers,†
And others shall have neade,
Who use with heare to make suche thinges
As wee see commonlye;
The husbanmen, and other eake,
Are wont to occupye,
For all the heare of killnes decayd
Cannot be well repared,
Ffor from twoo pence, to twelfe a pounde,
The pryce of heare is rased;
So that the foresayd ropers all,
And heare makers eache one,
And mault makers, may well geve up
There occupacion.
Wheareas before one tyme of yeare
Ffor suche necessyte,
The husbanmen weare wont to cutt
Theare horses maynes onlye,
But now noe mayne, nor tayle of beaste,
Can longe time here abyde,
Therefore great neade wee have in time
Some healpe for to provide,

* Sly, skulking thieves. "How like a *micher* he standes, as though he had trewanted from honesty."—Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594. Falstaff asks: "Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a *micher*, and eat blackberries?"—*Henry IV*, part I, act ii, sc. 4.

† Hair-makers.

And that with speade, to take awaye
Great bryches, as the cause
Of all this hurte: or ealse to make
Some sharpe and houlsome lawes
To remydye theise earksome illes,
Eare that the tyme be past;
Or elsse our horse and mayres shal be
All taylesse at the last.
O, that the selye beasts coulde speake,
As Izop made them all;
Then, doute I not, they wolde complayne,
And still for justice call.
Ffor now the horse hath noe defence
Agaynst the furyus flye,
Who doth assault the sely beast
Wheare ever he doth lye;
And also in the winter time,
The horse sustaynes moche harme,
His jorney done, his tayle untyed,
Was wonte to keape him warme,
Besydes theise thinges which him conserves
His master hath a payne,
Ffor when the horse defaced is
Abated is the gayne.
Ffor that a horse both bryght of blee,*
And furnished a ryght,
His tayle cut off, a curtall is,
And for a jade is dight.

* Good-looking; the phrase, "that bird so bright of blee," is often applied to the heroine of medieval romances.

So that the losse is very great,
Sustayned many wayes;
As well of horse as other beast,
In theise our dulfull dayes.
As wee of layte have often seene,
And perfyte proufe have hadd;
Ffor when a drover came this way,
His harte was made full sadd,
To see his beastes whiche over nyght,
He leafte in perfyte state,
And in the morninge to see them cutt
And shorne in ruthfull rate;
So that when as he mayde his counte
Of his harde gotten gayne,
Noe lesse then losse of twentye poundes
Hereby he did sustayne.
Alasse! good man, his happe was hardde,
Thus comynge out of Wayles,
Wheare he had hasarded his beaffes,
And here to lose theare tayles!
And all to stuffe and furnyshe forthe
Our foule disgeysed hose,
Which never ganed any manne,
But makethe manye lose;
Vnlesse that Tyburne have the gayne,
Wheare on dooe many ryde,
Ffor stealynge to mayntayne theare hose,
As tyme full well hath tryde.
Which facion fyrst the devill devised
As many doe suppose,

For that so fowle enormytes
  Onely by them arose.
For fyrst the spoyle of clothe they make,
  Which pynche and powle the poore,
And then the fylchinge of the heare
  Doth vexe them more and more.
So that in tyme the charytie
  Whiche chrysten men shoulde have,
By dyvers wayes is blemyshed
  To boulster breaches brave.
But now for that noe remydye
  As yet cann wel be founde,
I wolde that suche as weare this heare,
  Weare well and trewly bounde
With every heare a louse to have,
  To stuffe theare breyches oute;
And then I trust they wolde not weare
  Nor beare suche baggs aboute.

FINIS.

XVIII.

SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, the author of the ensuing satire, was born in 1496, and died in 1586, at the age of ninety. Pinkerton, who has printed the ensuing poem in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, vol. ii, p. 326, says: "he does not seem to have

written a line of poetry till he had reached his sixtieth year." To him we are indebted for the largest and most curious collection of ancient Scottish poems in existence, known as the Maitland MSS.; from these Pinkerton compiled the two volumes above-named, and says of them:—"The prodigious influence, and great and universal acquaintance of Sir Richard Maitland, joined to his being a tolerable poet, and a man of curiosity and taste himself, afforded his collection every possible advantage." This collection passed from Maitland's family into that of Pepys, whose *diary* has made him immortal; and from him to the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.

Sum wyfis of the burroustoun*
Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
In warld thay wait not quhat to weir;
On claythis thay wair monye a croun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair bodyes bravelie thay attyir,
Of carnal lust to eik the fyir.
I fairlie† quhy thai have no feir
To gar men deime quhat thay desyre;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair gouns [fou] coistlie trimlie traillis;
Barrit with velvous,‡ sleif, nek, taillis.
And thair foirskirt of silkis seir:
Of fynest camroche§ thair fuk saillis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

---

* The borough town. † Wonder. ‡ Velvet.
§ Cambric.

And of fyne silk thair furrit cloikis,
With hingeand slevis, lyk geill poikis,*
Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
To weir all thing that sinne provoikis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair wyliĕ coits† man weill be hewit,‡
Broudrit richt braid, with pasments§ sewit.
I trow, quha wald the matter speir,
That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,
That evir thair wyfes wair sic geir.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin,
Burrit abone with tasteis drawin:‖
With gartens¶ of ane new maneir;
To gar thair courtlines be knawin;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down;
And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
To scaw thair hois* of blak or broun;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair collars, carcats,† and hals beidis‡!—
With velvet hats heicht§ on thair heidis,

---

* Jelly bags.
† Under-petticoats.
‡ Cut.
§ A kind of lace.
‖ Gathered in bunches, with tassels.
¶ Garters.
* Hose.
† Carcanets; necklaces.
‡ Throat-beads.
§ Raised.

Coirdit* with gold lyik ane younkier,
Broudit† about with goldin threidis;‡
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis§ ! —
In kirk thai ar not content of stuillis,
The sermon quhen thay sit to heir;
Bot caryis cuschings‖ lyik vainė fuillis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

I mein of nane thair honour dreidis.—
Quhy sould thay not have honest weidis,
To thair estait doand effeir?¶
I mein of thame thair stait exceidis;
And all for newfangilnes of geir.

For sumtyme wyfes sa grave hes bein,
Lyik giglets* cled wald not be sein.—
Of burges' wyves thoch I speik heir,
Think weil of all wemen I mein
Of vaneties that waistis geir.

Thay say wyfes ar so delicat
In feiding, feisting, and bankat,
Sum not content ar with sic cheir
As weill may suffice thair estait,
For newfangilnes of cheir, and geir.

---

* Corded. † Embroidered. ‡ Threads.
§ Embroidered slippers; *mules, Fr.* ‖ Cushions.
¶ Appearance. * Giddy, worthless women.

And sum will spend mair, I heir say,
In spyice and droggis, on ane day,
Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir.
Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,
Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir.

Thairfoir, young wyfis speciallie,
Of all sic faultis hald yow frie:
And moderatly to leif now leir
In meit, and clayth accordinglie;
And not sa vainlie waist your geir.

Use not to skift athort the gait;
Nor na mum chairtis, air nor lait,
Be na dainser,* for this daingeir
Of Yow be tane an ill confait
That ye ar habill to waist geir.

Hant ay† in honest cumpanie;
And all suspicious places flie.
Lat never harlot cum yow neir;
That wald yow leid to leicherie,
In houp to get thairfoir sum geir.

My counsell I geve generallie
To all wemen, quhat ever thay be;
This lessoun for to quin per queir;‡
Syne keip it weill continuallie,
Better nor onye warldlie geir.

---

* Dancer. † Ever be. ‡ Learn to sing.

Leif, burges men, or all be loist,
On your wyfis to mak sic cost,
Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.—
Scho that may not want wyne and roist,
Is abill for to waist sum geir.

Betwene thame, and nobils of blude,
Na difference bot ane velvous huid!*
Thair camroche curcheis† ar als deir;
Tair uther claythis ar als guid;
And thai als coistlie in uther geir.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid
To thair honour, and find remeid;‡
Thai suld thole na§ sic wyfes to weir,
Lyk lordis wyfis, lady's weid,
As dames of honour in ther geir.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,
(Myself am not of faultis frie,)
Bot that ye sould not perseveir
Into sic folische vanitie,
For na newfangilnes of geir.

Of burges wyfes thoch I speik plaine,
Sum landwart‖ ladyis ar als vain,
As be thair clething may appeir;
Werand gayer, nor thame may gain;
On ouir vaine claythis waistand geir.

---

* Velvet hood. † Cambric kerchiefs.
‡ Remedy. § Suffer not. ‖ Country.

XIX.

A NEW COURTLY SONET, OF THE LADY GREENSLEVES.

FROM "a Handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new sonets, and delectable histories, in divers kinds of meeter; by Clement Robinson, and divers others." London: printed by Richard Jhones, etc., 1584. It embraces a capital description of the wardrobe of a lady in the time of Elizabeth; and is directed "to be sung to the new tune of greensleves;" a tune which acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity, and which is alluded to by Shakespeare in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v, sc. 5. The music is given in Chappell's *Old English Melodies*.

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight:
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong.
To cast me off discourteously:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company!
Greensleeves, &c.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought three kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept them, both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroider'd gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of sendall* right;
And this I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,†
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye:

* A thin silk. See Du Cange, voce *cendalum*.

† Purses have been worn, by ladies, at the girdle from the earliest times; knives were added in the sixteenth century, and were contained in chased and jewelled cases of much value. Dr. Dibdin has engraved the very beautiful knife and case of

No better wore the burgess' wives:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;*
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Diana of Poitiers; and Douce contributed a paper to the *Archæologia*, vol. xii, noticing the custom of presenting brides with them, as illustrative of Juliet's threat, to use her's should the poison fail.

"See, at my girdle hang my wedding knives," exclaims the lady in Dekker's play of *Match me in London*, 1599; and Bellafront, in the *Honest Whore*, threatens to stab her servant with one she wears. In Ross Church, Herefordshire, is a monument of a lady of the Ruddle family, temp. Henry VIII, and she wears the purse and knives, here engraved from a sketch I recently made there.

* Sleeves were anciently a separate article of dress, of another colour and quality, frequently, than the garment to which they were attached. "A paire of truncke sleeves of redde cloth of gold," are mentioned in an inventory of Henry VIII's wardrobe, as well as many other "pairs of sleeves." They were affixed by *points*, or laces, with aiguillettes.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets* hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee;
No lady ever was so brave:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They serv'd thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

---

* Aiglets (*aiguillette*), a lace with tags.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Well! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewel! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

XX.

THE PEDLAR.

FROM John Dowland's *Second Booke of Songs or Ayres*, 1600. The resemblance Autolycus's song in the *Winter's Tale* (acted, Mr. Collier believes, in the summer of 1611), bears to it, will interest the reader; this, of a more philosophic kind, was probably sung in a court-mask. Dowland was celebrated for his skill by Fuller, who calls him "the rarest musician that his age did behold": but it is to Shakespeare's notice that he owes his chief immortality, who thus mentions him in his *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:—

> "Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
> Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense."*

In his *Second Book of Songs*, 1600, he styles himself "Lutenist to the King of Denmark" (Christian IV); who had taken a liking to him, when visiting James I in England, and at whose request the English monarch most unwillingly parted with Dowland, who is supposed to have died at Copenhagen, in 1615.

FINE knacks for ladies, cheape, choise, brave, and new,
Good penniworths, but mony cannot move;
I keepe a faier, but for the faier to view,
A beggar may bee liberall of love,
Though all my wares be trash the hart is true.

---

* Mr. Collier, however, conceives it "more than likely that the sonnet in which this passage is found was by Barnfield, and not by Shakespeare."

Great gifts are guiles, and looke for gifts againe;
My trifles come, as treasures from my minde;
It is a precious jewell to bee plaine;
Sometimes in shell the orienst pearles we finde,
Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine.

Within this packe, pinnes, points, laces, and gloves,
And divers toies, fitting a country faier;
But my hart, where duety serves and loves,
Turtels and twins, courts brood, a heavenly paier,
Happy the hart that thincks of no removes.*

XXI.

LADIES FAVORS.

FROM *Ayres, or Phantastique Spirites, for three voices, made, and newly published by, Thomas Weelkes*, 1608. The affectation of wearing ladies favors, alluded to in the ensuing song, is frequently noticed by other authors and satirists of the Elizabethan

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* Pedlars' songs were very popular: here is one from "Catch that catch can, or a choice collection of catches, rounds, and cannons, for three or four voyces," 1652, which more closely resembles that of Autolycus.

"Come, pretty maydens, what is't you buy?
See, what is t you lack?
If you can find a toy to your mind,
Be so kind view the pedlar's pack:
Here be laces, and masks for your faces;
Corall, jet, and amber,
Gloves made of thread, and toyes for your head,
And rich perfumes for a ladies chamber.
Come and buy, come buy for your loving hony,
Some pretty toy
To please the boy,
I'll sell you worth your money."

era. During the middle ages they were frequently attached to the knightly helmet in the tournament; a custom alluded to by Marlow, in his *Edward II*, 1599:—

> "Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
> Where women's favors hung like labels down."

Shakespeare's Prince Henry boasts that he will "pluck a glove from the commonest creature, and fix it in his helmet"; and Drayton, in his *Battle of Agincourt*, describes:—

> "The noble youth, the common rank above,
> On their courvetting coursers mounted fair;
> One wore his mistress garter, one her glove,
> And he a lock of his deir ladys hair;
> And he her colours whom he most did love—
> There was not one but did some favor wear."

Lord, when I thinke, what a paltry thing
Is a glove, or a ring,
Or a top of a fan, to brag of;
And how much a noddy
Will triumph in a buske point,*
Snatch'd with the tagge of;
Then I say,
Well fare him,
That hath ever used close play.

And when I see what a pittifull grace
Hath a frowne in the face,

---

* Lace-tags, securing the end of the busk, or principal support of the stays in front.

Or a no in the lips of a lady,
And when I had wist,
Shee would be kist,
When she away did go,
With hey hoe,
I end so,
Never trust any woman more then you know.

XXII.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONS.

From "The third and fourth booke of Ayres: composed by Thomas Campian," London (1612). The word composed does not in this instance relate only to the music; as Campian, in his "address to the reader," says, the words are all "mine own."—See Rimbault's *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*, 1847, p. 36.

Ev'ry dame affects good fame,
What ere her doings be;
But true prayse is Vertues bayes,
Which none may weare but she.
Borrow'd guise fits not the wise,
A simple look is best:
Native grace becomes a face,
Though ne'er so rudely drest.
Now such new-found toyes are sold
These women to disguise,
That before the yeare growes old
The newest fashion dyes.

Dames of yore, contended more
In goodnesse to exceede,
Then in pride to be envi'd
For that which least they neede:
Little lawne then serv'd the pawne,*
If pawne at all there were;
Home-spun thread and household bread
Then held out all the yeare:
But th' attyres of women now
Weare out both house and land,
That the wyves in silkes may flow,
At ebbe the good-men stand.

Once agen, Astræa, then,
From heav'n to earth descend,
And vouchsafe, in their behalfe,
These errours to amend:
Aid from heav'n must make all eev'n,
Things are so out of frame;

---

* Nares, in his *Glossary*, does not notice the signification of the word *pawn*. But he quotes a curious poetical dialogue, *'Tis merry when gossips meet*, 1609; in which the wife says:—

"In troth (kind cousse) my comming's from the *pawne*,
But I protest I lost my labour there:
A gentleman promist to give me lawne,
And did not meet me, which he well shall heare."

The Rev. A. Dyce, in his edition of *Webster's Works* (vol. iii, p. 35), appends this stanza, in a note, to the phrase, "you must go to the pawn, to buy lawn"; adding, "I believe it is not known what, or where, the *pawn* was." It was, probably, a place where articles of apparel were sold, similar to those for the disposal of the "unredeemed pledges" of our own day.

For let man strive all he can,
  He needes must please his dame.
Happy man, content that gives,
  And what he gives enjoyes;
Happy dame, content that lives,
  And breakes no sleepe for toyes.

XXIII.

PRIDE'S FALL:

OR, A WARNING FOR ALL ENGLISH WOMEN, BY THE EXAMPLE OF A STRANGE MONSTER LATELY BORN IN GERMANY, BY A MERCHANT'S PROUD WIFE, AT GENEVA.

Tune of—"*All you that love good fellows.*"

AUTOLYCUS's celebrated admonitory ballad, "to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders heads, and toads carbonadoed"; is not more absurd than the ensuing one, which was compiled, in all seriousness, to warn the proud against excess in apparel. In order to give the narrative greater reality the accompanying picture of the monster was cut on wood, and headed the ballad; of which there are three copies in the British Museum. It is in black-letter, and is "printed by and for W. O. (William Onley),

and sold by J. Blare, at the Looking-glass, on London Bridge." Blare was living there in 1688; but this ballad (with its cut) is evidently a production of the time of James I, and the copies alluded to, but reprints of what appears to have been a very popular "warning-piece."

ENGLAND'S fair dainty dames,
See here the fall of pride,
Wantounness leave in time,
That God may be your guide:
I was a Dutch-land frow,
Shining in beauty bright;
And a brave merchants wife
In whom he took delight.

All things I had at will,
My heart could wish or crave;
My diet, dainty fare,
My garments, rich and brave;
No wife in Germany,
Where I in pleasure dwell'd,
For golden bravery
My person so excell'd.

My coaches richly wrought,
And deckt with pearl and gold,
Carried me up and down,
Whereas my pleasure would:

The earth I deem'd too base
My feet to tread upon;*
My blooming crimson cheeks
Felt neither wind nor sun.

My beauty made me think
Myself an angel bright,
Framed of heavenly mould,
And not an earthly wight.
For my soule's happiness
God's holy Bible book,
I had my looking-glass,
Wherein I pleasure took.

There was no fashion found,
That might advance my pride,
But in my looking-glass
My fancy soon espy'd:
Every vain foolish toy
Changeth my wanton mind;
And they best pleased me
That could new fashions find.

* The use of coaches, in the early part of the seventeenth century, met with so much reprobation that they were popularly termed "hell carts," and were most violently hated by the populace; they were declared to obstruct the streets of London, hinder business, and endanger the lives and limbs of passengers; and in 1631 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council against the number resorting to the theatre there. To understand the virulence of the feeling excited against them we must refer to John Taylor's "World runnes on Wheeles," or to the ballad, called "The Coaches overthrow," in Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*.

Yet all these earthly joys
  Yielded me small content,
In that dame Nature had
  Ne'er a child to me sent;
That makes my heart to bleed,
  For which offence to God,
He hath most greviously
  Scourged me with His rod.

And in my tender womb,
  Of so pure flesh and blood,
Created He, strange to see,
  A most deformed brood;
That women of wanton pride
  May take example by,
How they in fashion fond
  Offend the Lord on high.

When the babe came to light,
  And I brought to my bed,
No cost was spared that night,
  To stand me in my stead;
My nurses, young and fair,
  Fit for a royal queen,
Gave all attendance there,
  As it was daily seen.

Never had merchant's wife
  Of ladies such a train
That came in gentle sort,
  At the hour of my pain:

But when my swelling womb
Yielded up nature's due,
Such a strange monster then,
Surely man never knew.

For it affrighted so
All the whole company,
That ev'ry one said in heart,
Vengeance now draweth nigh.
It had two faces strange,
And two heads painted fair,
On the brows, curled locks,
Such as our wantons wear.

One hand held right the shape
Of a fair looking-glass,
In which I took delight,
How my vain beauty was:
Right the shape of a rod,
Scourging me for my sin,
The other seem'd to have
Perfectly seen therein.

These womens wantonness,
And their vain foolish minds,
Never contented are
With that thing God assigns:
Look to it, London dames,
God keepeth plagues in store;
And now the second part
Of this song sheweth more.

SECOND PART.

Grief and care kills my heart,
Where God offended is,
As the poor merchant's wife
Did worldly comforts miss:
Strange were the miseries
That she so long endur'd,
No ease by womens help
Could be as then procur'd.

Hereupon speaks the child,
With a voice fearfully,
"Mother, your wanton pride
Brings this your misery;
Let your life soon amend,
Or else the mighty God
Will scourge your wantonness,
With a more sharper rod."

About his neck a flaunting ruff,
It now had gallantly,
Starched with white and blew,*
Seemly unto the eye:

* Yellow starch was that most used in England; and it greatly excited the wrath of the satirists. Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1588, is particularly indignant at "the liquor which they call *starch*, wherin the devil hath willed them to dye their ruffes; and this starch they make of divers colours and hues; white, red, blue, purple, and the like."

With laces long and broad,
As now are womens bands,*
Thus heavy, wanton pride
First in God's anger stands.

The breast was plated ore,
As still the merchants be,
Now as lewd women wear,
To hide adultery:
Every part, every limb,
Had not true nature's frame,
But to shew to the world,
This, my great sin and shame.

From the head to the foot,
Monster-like was it born,
Every part had the shape
Of fashions daily worn:
On the feet pinked† shooes,
Insteps had roses red,‡
Which in silk now is us'd,
So vainely are we led.

* The band is the broad, flat collar of linen, or cambric, edged with lace, and worn by the monster at the head of this ballad, on the right side of its neck; the pleated ruff, on the left side, will sufficiently mark its distinctive appearance.

† The edges of the upper leather cut into ornamental forms.

‡ The ties of the shoes, which were of silk, edged with rich lace, were spread out like a rose, until they nearly covered the foot. This expensive fashion is alluded to by Taylor, the Water Poet, when speaking of those who

"Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold."

Thus hath my flesh and blood
Nourisht now near my heart,
Put me in mind of sin,
And bid me now convert:
O let all women then,
Take heed of wanton pride,
Angels have fallen from heaven,
And for that sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to light
Was this fruit of my youth,
But to the counsel-house
It was brought for a truth:
When to the magistrates,
In a most fearful sort,
It began aloud to speak,
And these wordes did report:

"I am a messenger
Now sent from God on high,
To bid you all repent,
Christ's coming draweth nigh;
Repent you all with speed,
This is a message sure,
The world seems at an end,
And cannot long endure.

Pride is the prince of sin,
Which is our chief delight,
Mankind repent with speed,
Before the Lord doth smite:

This is my last adieu,
Repentance soon provide."
These were his latest words,
And so the monster dy'd.

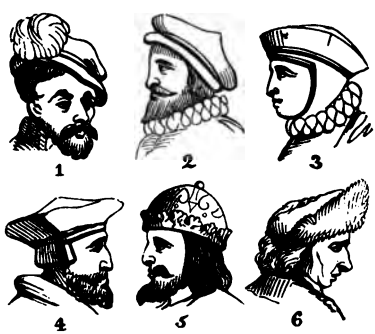
Great was the fear of those
That these same speeches heard,
God grant all christians may
Have their minds well prepar'd,
With a true repentance
God's mercy to implore,
That never womankind
May bring such fruit forth more.

And you, fair English dames,
That in pride do excel,
This woful misery,
In your hearts print full well:
Let not pride be your guide,
For pride will have a fall;
Maid and wife, let my life
Be a warning to you all.

XXIV.

THE BALLAD OF THE CAPS.

REPRINTED from Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847; who says of it:—"This spirited and humorous song seems to have been founded, in some of its points, upon the 'Pleasant Dialogue, or Disputation, betweene the Cap and the Head,' which prose satire went through two editions, in 1564 and 1565 (see the *Bridgwater Catalogue*, p. 46). It is, however, more modern, and certainly cannot be placed earlier than the end of the reign of Elizabeth. It may be suspected, that it underwent some changes, to adapt it to the times when it was afterwards reprinted; and we finally meet with it, but in a rather corrupted state, in a work, published in 1656, called *Sportive Wit: the Muses Merriment*, a new Spring of lusty Drollery, etc.' The broadside we have used was one of the many 'printed for John Trundle,' but it has no date." It is also printed in D'Urfey's collection, entitled "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy;" the variations in them being printed as foot-notes, in italics, some of them being improvements. Our cut exhibits the principal caps alluded to in the ballad. No. 1 is the Monmouth-cap, as worn by the celebrated soldier, Sir William Stanley, temp. Henry VIII. No. 2, the physick-cap, from a cut of a physician 1541. No. 3 is the lawyer's-cap, from the effigy of Richard Harper, one of the Justices of Common-Pleas, temp. Edw. VI,



in Swarkestone Church, Derbyshire. No. 4 is "the cap divine," from a portrait of Cranmer. The jester's-cap may be seen in Douce's, or any illustrated *Shakespeare*; the London "cap of maintenance" is equally familiar. No. 5, "the sickly-cap," is copied from a cut dated 1641; and a rude representation of the devil, "fallen sick, by reason of this present parliament," published at the same time, exhibits his Satanic majesty in the same head-dress. No. 6, "the furred and quilted cap of age," is worn by a figure, emblematic of old age, in an engraving after Holbein.

THE wit hath long beholding been
Unto the cap to keep it in,
But now the wits flie out amaine,
With praise to quit the cap againe:
The cap, that owns the highest part,
Obtain'd that place by due desert:
For any cap, whate're it be,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The cap doth stand, each man can show,
Above a crown, but kings below:
The cap is neerer heaven than we,
A greater sign of majestie.
When off the cap we chance to take
Both head and feet obeysance make;
For any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The Monmouth-cap, the saylors thrum,
And that wherein the tradesmen* come,

---

* This is D'Urfey's reading. It reads *sailors* in Mr. Collier's book, which is evidently a mistake of the old printer.

The physick, lawe, the cap divine,
The same* that crowns the muses nine,
The cap that fools do countenance,
The goodly cap of maintenance,
And any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The sickly cap, both plaine and wrought,
The fuddling-cap, however bought;
The quilted,† furr'd, the velvet, satin,
For which so many pates learn latin,
The crewell cap, the fustian pate,
The perriwig, the cap of late;
And any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The souldiers that the Monmouth wear,
On castle-tops their ensignes rear,
The saylors with their thrums doe stand
On higher place than all the land;
The tradesman's cap aloft is born,
By 'vantage of‡ (some say) a horn.
Thus any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The physick-cap to dust may bring,
Without controull the greatest king;
The lawyer's cap hath heavenly might,
To make a crooked cause aright;

* *And that which.* † *Worsted.* ‡ *A stately.*

Which, being round and endless, knows
To make as endless any cause.*
So any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

Both east and west, and north and south,
Where'er the Gospel finds† a mouth,
The cap divine doth thither look;
'Tis square, like scholars and their booke:
The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew that they‡ more stable are:
For any cap, whate're it bee,
It still the signe of some degree.

The motley-man§ a cap doth weare,
Which makes him fellow to‖ a peere,
And 'tis no slender part¶ of wit,
To act the fool where great men sit;
For folly is in such request
That each man strives to do his best.*
Thus any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

---

* "*To make a crooked action straight;*
And if you'll line him in the fist,
The cause he'll warrant as he list."

† *Hath.* ‡ *Their wits.*

§ *The jester he.* ‖ *For.* ¶ *Piece.*

* "*But, oh, the cap of London town,*
I wis, 'tis like a goodly crown."

The sick man's cap, not wrought with silk,
Is like repentant, white as milk;
When hats in church drop off in haste,
This cap ne'er leaves the head uncaste.*
The sick man's cap, if wrought, can tell,
Though he be ill, his state is well.†
So any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The fuddling cap, by Bacchus' might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
Yet spenders it prefer to more,
Seeming to double all their store.
The furr'd and quilted cap of age,
Can make a musty proverb sage;‡
And any cap, whate're it bee,
It is the signe of some degree.

Though fustian-caps be slender ware,
The head is of no better gear.

---

* "*The sickly-cap, tho' wrought with silk,*
Is like repentance, white as milk;
When caps drop off at health apace,
The cap doth then your head uncase."

† "*Tho' he be sick, his cap is well.*"

‡ The last four lines are thus in D'Urfey:—
"*We know it makes proud hearts to bend,*
The lowly feet for to ascend;
It makes men richer than before,
By seeing doubly all their store."

The crewell cap is knit like hose,
For them whose zeale takes cold i' th' nose;
Whose purity doth judge it meete,
To clothe alike both head and feete.
This cap would faine, but cannot bee,
The onely cap of no degree.

The satin and the velvet hive,
Unto a bishoprick doe drive;
Nay, when a file of caps you're seen in,
A square cap this, and then a linen,
This treble cap may raise some hope,
If fortune smile, to be a pope.*
Thus any cap, whate're it bee,
May raise a man to some degree.

The perriwig, oh! that declares
The rise of flesh, though fall of hairs;
And none but graduates† can proceede
In sinne so far till this they neede.

---

* The two stanzas are thus condensed by D'Urfey:—

"*The furr'd and quilted cap of age,*
Can make a mouldy proverb sage;
The sattin and the velvet hive,
Into a bishoprick may thrive;
The triple-cap may raise some hope,
If fortune serve, to be a pope.
For any cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree."

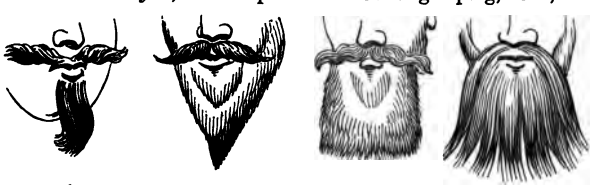
† Gransirs.

Before the Prince none covered are,
But those that to themselves go bare:*
This cap, of all the caps that bee,
Is now the signe of high degree.

XXV.

THE BALLAD OF THE BEARD.

THIS very curious ballad is reprinted from the collection of poems, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660; but it is evidently a production of the time of Charles I, if not earlier. The varied form of beard, which characterized the profession of each wearer, is amusingly descanted on, and is a curious fact in the chronicle of male fashions, during the first half of the seventeenth century. Taylor, the Water Poet, has alluded to the custom at some length; and other writers of the day have so frequently mentioned the same thing, as to furnish materials for a curious (privately-printed) pamphlet, by J. A. Repton, F.S.A., on the various forms of the beard and mustachio. The beard, like "the Roman T," mentioned in the following ballad, is exhibited in our cut—*Fig.* 1, from a portrait of G. Raigersperg, 1649, in



1 2 3 4

* "*Before the king, who cover'd are,*
And only to themselves are bare."

Mr. Repton's book. The Stiletto-beard, as worn by Sir Edward Coke, is seen *Fig.* 2. The needle-beard was narrower and more pointed. The soldier's, or spade beard, *Fig.* 3, is from a Dutch portrait, also in Mr. Repton's book. The stubble, or close-cropped beard of a judge, requires no pictorial illustration. The bishop's-beard, *Fig.* 4, is given from Randle Holmes' *Heraldry*, who calls it "the broad, or cathedral beard, because bishops, and grave men of the church, anciently did weare such beards." Cranmer, Knox, and others, are seen with them. "The beard of King Harry" may be seen in any portrait of King Henry VIII, and the amusing accuracy of the description tested. The clown's-beard, bushy, and not subject to any fashionable trimming, is sufficiently described in the words of the song.

THE beard, thick or thin, on the lip or chin,
Doth dwell so near the tongue,
That her silence in the beard's defence,
May do her neighbour wrong.

Now a beard is a thing that commands in a king,
Be his sceptres ne'er so fair:
Where the beard bears the sway, the people obey,
And are subject to a hair.

'Tis a princely sight, and a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well thatcht face is a comely grace,
And a shelter from the cold.

When the piercing north comes thundering forth,
Let a barren face beware;
For a trick it will find, with a razor of wind,
To shave a face that's bare.

But there's many a nice and strange device,
That doth the beard disgrace;
But he that is in such a foolish sin,
Is a traitor to his face.

Now of the beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a beard,
Tho' it be never so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first itself disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a torrid nose.

The stilletto-beard, oh! it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a dagger in's face,
What wears he in his sheath?

But, methinks, I do itch to go thro' stitch
The needle-beard to amend,
Which, without any wrong, I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.

The soldier's-beard doth march in shear'd,
In figure like a spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their graves are made.

The grim stubble eke on the judge's cheek,
Shall not my verse despise;
It is more fit for a nutmeg, but yet
It grates poor prisoners' eyes.

What doth invest a bishop's breast
But a milk-white spreading hair?
Which an emblem may be of integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a woman's chin
A hair or two to grow,
But, alas, the face it is too cold a place,
Then look for a beard below.

But, oh! let us tarry for the beard of King Harry,
That grows about the chin,
With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
And a champion ground between.

Last, the clown doth rush, with his beard like a bush,
Which may be well endur'd;
For tho' his face be in such a case,
His land is well manur'd.

XXVI.

IRISH DRESS.

From D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, vol. iv, p. 199, where the tune is given. It is called "The Irish Hallaloo"; and appears to be one of those party songs which do no credit to anybody. With regard to the peculiarities of Irish costume, given in this song, it may be sufficient to notice that Walker, in his *History of the Irish Bards*, has engraved the *barrad*, or Irish conical-cap, mentioned in stanza two, as worn by O'More, a turbulent Irish chieftain, copied from a map of the taking of the Earl of Ormond, in 1600. Our cut is copied from the head of an Irishman given in Bulwer's *Artificiall Changeling*, 1653. The high-topped English boots, mentioned in stanza four, would seem to fix the date of this ballad to the early part of the seventeenth century; the *brogues*, with which they are contrasted, were a peculiar manufacture; for information on which subject, and for a cut of one, I must refer the reader to Hall's *Ireland*, vol. i, p. 189, or to Mr. Crofton Croker's *Kerry Pastoral*, vol. vii of the Percy Society's publications.

Instead of our buildings, and castles so brave,
Into our caverns we're forc'd for to crave,
When we are driven along the bogs,
We root up potatoes like the wild hogs.

Instead of their beavers, and castors so good,*
In their picked caps they are forc'd to the wood:

* Beaver hats were considered as an extravagant luxury in the time of Elizabeth. Stubbes speaks of them in terms of in-

And when they are driven along the passes,
They 've nothing but tatters to hang on their ——.

Instead of their mantles lined with plush,
They're forced to seek rags off every bush;
When they have gotten a very good cantle,*
They go to the botchers, and there make a mantle.

Instead of their boots, with tops so large,
I'm sure they are rid of that same charge;
Now they have gotten a thin pair of brogues,
And into the woods among the wild rogues.†

---

dignation, and says they cost twenty, thirty, and forty shillings each, "and were fetched from beyond the seas, from whence a great sort of other vanities do come besides." In a curious collection of household documents, formerly belonging to Nell Gwynne, now in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker, is the subjoined hatter's bill, which shows the price of these articles at that time. The page seems to have owned the castor.

Sould to Maddam Gwin, April ye 24, 1675.

Imp. for 5 French hatts, for ye footmen, at 10*s.* a-piece	2	10	0
It. for 4 English hatts, for ye other men, at 7*s.* & 6*d.* a-piece	1	10	0
It. for a bl. castor, for ye page - - -	0	10	0
It. for buttons and loopes for them - - -	0	3	0
	4	13	0

* A roughly dissevered piece.

† The last verse, alluding to their cattle and wives, has been omitted, on account of its witless indelicacy.

XXVII.

JOCKEY WILL PROVE A GENTLEMAN.

REPRINTED from *The Archæologist*, a journal of antiquarian science, edited by Mr. Halliwell, who prefaces this ballad by saying:—"This satire was, doubtlessly, levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England, in the time of James I, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. The realization of these hopes, and perhaps some disappointment of his own, excited the gall of the unknown satirist, and produced this effusion. It is of extreme rarity, and Mr. Evans printed a copy of it, from the only one then known, in his *Old Ballads*, vol. i, p. 107-9. Sanderson, however, in his diary, in the British Museum, MS. Lansd. 241, has preserved a more complete copy, and a much better version, which we insert here, as being well worthy of publication. Ritson, at one time, questioned its existence." Evans's version has some considerable variations from the following one.

A songe of a fine Skott, given me by Sir H. Boyce.

How now, Joky, whither away?
A wourd or twoe, I pray thee stay,
For thou art, in thy rich aray,
Most like a gallant, fresh and gay!
By my fay and by Saint Ann,
Joky will prove a gentillman.

Thy showes* thow had when thow went to plowe,
Was made of the hide of some ould cowe,

* Shoes.

Is turnd to Spanish lether nowe,
Bedect with roses, I knowe not howe.
By my fay, &c.

Thy stockynges made of the northern hew,
Which scarce cost xij*d.* beinge newe,
Is turned nowe to silken blewe,
Which semeth strange unto my vewe.
By my fay, &c.

Thy garters made of the list full gray,
Which thou frome the taylour didst steale each day,
Is turned nowe to silke full gay,
With tassells of gould and silvre, I say.
By my fay, &c.

Thy hose and thy dublett which were full plaine,
Wherof great store of lice containe,
Is turned nowe; well fare thy braine,
That can by begginge this maintayne!
By my fay, &c.

Thy jerkin made of the northerne gray,
Which thow hast wore this many a day,
Is turned nowe to spruce full gay,
More sweeter then the flowres in May.
By my fay, &c.

Thy gerdill made of the whitt lether whange,*
Which thow has wore God knawes howe longe,

* "White-leather thong."—*Evans.* A whang, is a thin slice of any thing.

Is turned nowe to velvet imbrethered* strange,
With gould and pearle amange.
By my fay, &c.

Thy band which thow did use to weare,
Which was scarce washd iij. times a yeare,
Is turnd nowe to cambricke cleare,
With broad bonelace up to the eare.
By my fay, &c.

Thy blewe bonnett when thow came hether,
Which kept thy pate from wind and wether,
Is throwne away, and who can tell whether?
And thowe art in thy bever and fether.
By my fay, &c.

Thy breakfast thowe gott every day
Was but pease bread and kel† full gray,
Is turned nowe to chere full gay,
Served to thy table in riche aray.
By my fay, &c.

Thy diner thow [ate] at xij. a clock,
For wante of meat went twise to the pott,
Is turned now; most happy lott
That suche good lucke lightes one a Skott!
By my fay, &c.

---

* Embroidered. † Kail; broth made of greens.

When supper time did come at night,
Thou went to bed with stomake light;
But nowe a second couerse in sight
Is sene uppon thy table right.
By my fay, &c.

But yf thy hap doe still indure,
Ingland at length will growe full poore:
Therefere, good Kinge, graunt them no more,
For it afflicts thy subjectes sore!
Yf this be trewe, by swete Ann,
Joky wil be no gentillman.

XXVIII.

BLEW-CAP FOR ME;

OR,

A Scottish lasse her resolute chusing,
Shee'l have bonny Blew-cap, all other refusing.

THIS song, so humorously descriptive of the costume of many nations, is printed in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. iii, p. 245, from a black-letter copy, printed by T. Lambert, and is directed to be sung "to a curious new Scottish tune, called Blue-cap," which appears to have been very popular. The ballad seems expressly designed as an antidote to the last, and a compliment to Scotsmen.

COME hither, the merriest of all the Nine,
Come sit thee down by me, and let us be jolly,
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine
We'll drown our old enemy, mad Melancholy;

Which when we have done, we'll between us devise
A dainty new ditty with art to comprise;
And of this new ditty the matter shall be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.

There lives a blith lass in Faukeland town,
And she had some suitors, I wot not how many;
But her resolution she had set down,
That she'd have a Blew-cap, gif ere she had any.
An Englishman, when our good king was there,
Came often unto her, and loved her dear:
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Welchman that had a long sword by hur side,
Red pritches, red tublet, red coat, and red peard,
Was make a great shew with a great deal of pride,
And tell hur strange tale that the like was ne'er heard.
Was reckon her pedigree, long before Prute,
No body was by hur that can her confute:
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Frenchman that largely was booted and spurr'd,
Long lock't with a ribbon,* long points and breeches,

* An allusion to the long lock of hair allowed to hang upon the breast, ornamented with a ribbon, and which was termed a *French lock;* it having originated in that country. In Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592, a barber asks, "will you be Frenchified, with a love-lock down to your shoulders, in which you may weave your mistress's favour."

He's ready to kiss her at every word,
And for further exercise his fingers itches:
"You be pritty wench, mitris, par ma foy;
Begar me doe love you, then be not you coy:"
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

An Irishman, with a long skeane in his hose,*
Did think to obtain her it was no great matter,
Up-stairs to her chamber so lightly he goes,
That she ne'er heard him until he came at her:
Quoth he, "I do love you, by fate and by trote,
And if you will have me, experience shall shote;"
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

SECOND PART.

A dainty spruce Spaniard, with hair black as jet,
Long cloak with round cape, a long rapier and poignard,
He told her, if that she could Scotland forget,
He'd shew her the vines as they grow in the vineyard.
"If thou wilt abandon this country so cold,
I'll shew thee fair Spain, and much Indian gold."
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

* The skeane was a peculiarly national Irish weapon, and is alluded to by Froissart. It was a long, pointed dagger, sharp on both edges, with which Irish women are said to have been armed, as well as the men.

A haughty high German of Hamborough town,
A proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes:
He weeps if the lass upon him do but frown,
Yet he's a great fencer that comes to o'ermatch us.
But yet all his fine fencing could not get the lass;
She denied him so oft, that he wearied was:
For still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Netherland mariner there came by chance,
Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting pomwaters;*
To this canny lass he his suit did advance,
And as taught by nature he cunningly flatters:
"Jack will make thee," said he, "sole lady o' the sea;
Both Spaniards and Englishmen shall thee obey:"
But still she replied, "Sir, I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

These sundry suitors of several lands,
Did daily solicit this lass for her favour,
And every one of them alike understands,
That to win the prize they in vain did endeavour;
For she had resolved (as I before said)
To have bonny Blew-cap, or else die a maid.
Unto all her suppliants still replied she,
"Gif ever I have man, Blew-cap for me."

At last came a Scottish man (with a blew cap),
And he was the party for whom she had tarried,

* A kind of apple.

To get this blith bonny lass 'twas his gude hap,
They gang'd to the kirk and were presently married;
I ken not weel whether it were lord or leard,
They caude him some sike a like name as I heard,
To chuse him from all she did gladly agree,
And still she cried, "Blew-cap, th' art welcome to me."

XXIX.

SQUARE-CAP FOR ME.

FROM *The Cambridge University Garland*, 12mo. n. d., in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. This ballad is constructed after the model of that last given; but intended as a special compliment to university-men. Its author was the celebrated royalist John Cleveland.

COME hither, Apollo's bouncing girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry.
A Cambridge lass, Venus-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-filled jug of barley broth;
Tho' she's my mistris, her suitors are many,
But shee'll have Square-cap, if e'er she have any.

And first, for the plush-sake, the Monmouth-cap* comes,
Shaking his head, like an empty bottle,

---

* See the "Ballad of the Caps," page 115.

With his new-fangled oath, "by Jupiter's thumbs,"
That to her health he'll begin a pottle.
He tells her, that, after the death of his grannum,
He shall have two hundred pounds per annum.
But still she replies, "Good sir, la-bee;*
If ever I have a man, then Square-cap for me."

Then calot† leather-cap strongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of 's fashion;
The Antipodes wear their shoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh! how this foot-ball noddle would please,
If it were but well tost on St. Thomas his lease?‡
But still she replies, "Good sir, la-bee;
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

Next comes the Puritan, in a wrought cap,
With a long-waisted conscience towards a sister,
And making a chapel of ease of her lap:
First he said grace, and then he kiss'd her.
"Beloved," quoth he, "thou art my text";
Then falls he to use, and application next.
But then she reply'd, "Your text, sir, I'll be,
For then, I'm sure, you'll nere handle me."

But see, where Satin-cap scouts about,
And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry;

* A contraction for "let me be."

† A kind of skull-cap, or any plain coif.—*Nares.*

‡ An allusion to the custom of foot-ball playing on St. Thomas's day, December 21.

He told her how such a man was not put out,
  Because his wedding he closely did carry.
He'll purchase Induction, by Simony,
And offers her money, her incumbent to be.
But still she replies, "Good sir, la-bee;
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me."

The lawyer's a sophister, by his round-cap,
  Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
  And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
"Come leave these thread-bare scholars," quoth he,
"And give me *livery* and *seizin* of thee."
"Peace, peace, John a Nokes, and leave your oration,
For I never will be your *impropriation.*
I pray you, therefore, good sir, la-bee;
For if ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!"

XXX.

TO THE
LADYES OF THE NEW DRESSE;

THAT WEARE THEIR GORGETS & RAYLES DOWN TO THEIR WASTES.

THIS and the two following poems are by the witty Dean Corbet (born 1582, died 1635), and are here given from the edition of his works, by Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A., 1807.

LADYES, that weare black cipress-vailes,*

* Cipress was a fine kind of crape, or gauze.

Turn'd lately to white linnen-rayles ;*
And to your girdle weare your bands,†
And shew your armes, instead of hands.
What can you doe in Lent so meet
As, fittest dress, to weare a sheet?
'Twas once a band, 'tis now a cloake,
An acorne one day proves an oke:
Weare but your linnen to your feet,
And then your band will prove a sheet.
By which devise, and wise excesse,
You'l doe your penance in a dresse;
And none shall know, by what they see,
Which lady's censur'd, and which free.

XXXI.

THE LADIES ANSWER.

(Harl. MS. No. 6396.)

Blacke Cypresse vailes are shroudes on night,
White linnen railes are raies of light,
Which, though we to the girdles weare,
We've hands to keep your hands off there.

---

* The rayle was the neckerchief; "Rayle for a woman's necke; *crevechief, en quarttre doubles.*"—Palsgrave. The gorget was so very similar that the terms are nearly synonymous.

† Alluding to the great length of the *falling band*, which was allowed to hang down upon the shoulders, and was not supported by any *underprops*, as is the band seen in the cut on p. 106.

A fitter dresse we have in Lent,
To shew us trewly penitent.
Whoe makes the band to be a cloke,
Makes John-a-style of John-an-oake.
We weare our garments to the feet,
Yet need not make our bandes a sheet:
The clergie weare as long as we,
Yet that implies conformitie.
Be wise, recant what you have writt,
Least you do pennance for your witte;
Love's charm hath power to weare a stringe,
To tye you as you tied your ringe;*
There by love's sharpe, but just decree,
You may be consured, we go free.

---

* In a ludicrous ballad, describing James I's visit to Oxford and Woodstock, in 1621, when Corbet, in his office of chaplain, preached before the king, he is thus spoken of:—

"The reverend dean,
With his band starch'd clean,
Did preach before the king;
A ring was his pride,
To his band-strings tied,
Was not this a pretty thing?

"The ring, without doubt,
Was the thing put him out,
And made him forget what was next;
For every one there
Will say, I dare swear,
He handled it more than his text."

XXXII.

CORBET'S REPLY.

(Ashmole's Museum, A. 38, fol. 66.)

YFF nought but love-charmes powers have
Your blemisht creditt for to save;
Then know your champion is blind,
And that love-nottes are soon untwinde.
But blemishes are now a grace,
And add a lustre to your face;
Your blemisht credit for to save,
You needed not a vayle to have;
The rayle for women may be fitte,
Because they daylie practice ytt.
And seeing counsell can you not reforme,
Read this reply—and take it not in scorne.

XXXIII.

COUNTRY LASSES TRANSFORMED.

From Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (fifth edition, 1638).

O YES, room for the cryer,
Who never yet was found a liar.
O ye fine smug country lasses,
That would for brooks change crystal glasses,

And be transhap'd from foot to crown,
And straw beds change for beds of down;
Your partlets* turn into rebatoes,†
And stead of carrots eat potatoes;
Your frontlets lay by, and your rails,‡
And fringe with gold your daggl'd tails.
Now your hawk-noses shall have hoods
And billements§ with golden studs:
Straw hats shall be no more bongraces,‖
From the bright sun to hide your faces,
For hempen smocks to help the itch,
Have linen sewed with silver stitch;
And wheresoe'er they chance to stride,
One bare before to be their guide.
O yes, room for the cryer,
Who never yet was found a liar.

XXXIV.

ENGLISH MUTABILITY IN DRESS.

From the same play as the preceding song. The fondness of the English for adopting new fashions, had long before this been satirized, and Andrew Borde, in his *Introduction to Knowledge*, has given the quaint cut here copied, with the following satirical verses:—

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musinge in my mynde, what rayment I shall were,
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell what."

---

* Ruffs. † Falling collars. ‡ Cloaks, or loose gowns.
§ Habiliments. ‖ Projecting bonnets to defend the complexion.

The whimsical traveller, Coryat, in his *Crudities*, observes:—"We weare more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted; which hath given occasion to the Venetian, and other Italians, to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked, with a pair of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vain conception of his brain-sick head, not to comeliness and decorum."

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Venetian,
And some like breechless women go,
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian:
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth,
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too,
The Russ with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to:
The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all felts that can be felt,
Give me your English beaver.

The German loves his coney-wool,
The Irishman his shag too,
The Welch his Monmouth loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things;
But, oh, your lecherous Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass; Dutch, Lubeck beer,
And that is strong, and mighty;
The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish aqua vitæ;
The French affects the Orleans' grape,
The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
The English none of these can 'scape,
But he with all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopine,*
Scotch lass, and lovely Frow too,
The Spanish Donna, French Madam,
He will not fear to go to;
Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the centre,
No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
On which he dare not venture.

* These were shoes elevated "as high as a man's leg," says Raymond in his *Voyage through Italy*, 1648. They are mentioned by Shakspere (*Hamlet*, act ii, scene 2), and were occasionally worn in England, but not of so great an altitude. See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspere*.

XXXV.

A MEDITATION ON THE PRIDE OF WOMEN'S APPAREL.

FROM *A New Spring of Divine Poetrie*, by James Day, 1637. A thin quarto of melancholy morality and pointless attempts at religious wit, after the fashion of Quarles. For example, he ends his "meditation on a windmill," with the lines—

> "Lord drive me with thy spirit, then Ile be
> Thy windmill, and will grind a grist for thee."

SEE how some borrow'd off-cast vaine attire,
Can puff up pamper'd clay and dirty mire:
Tell me, whence hadst thy cloaths that make thee fine,
Was't not the silly sheep's before 'twas thine?
Doth not the silk-worm, and the oxe's hide,
Serve to maintain thee in thy cheefest pride?
Do'st not thou often with those feathers vaile
Thy face, with which the ostridge hides her taile?
What art thou proud of, then? me thinks 'tis fit
Thou shouldst be humble for the wearing it:
Tell me, proud madam; thou that art so nise,
How were thy parents clad in Paradise?
At first they wore the armour of defence,
And were compleatly wrapt in innocence:
Had they not sin'd, they ne're had beene dismaid,
Nor needed not the fig-tree's leavy ayde!
Whatever state, O Lord, thou place me in,
Let me not glory in th' effect of sin.

XXXVI.

WILL BAGNALL'S BALLET.

FIRST printed in *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655, and afterwards in *Wit Restor'd*, 1658, where it was "supplied of what was left out in *Musarum Deliciæ*," and which consisted of the sixth, eleventh and thirteenth stanzas. It was evidently written during the reign of Charles I. But I am unable to fix its date precisely, or to say who "Will Bagnall" was; but from the familiarity with which he is named, he was no doubt a gay and well-known frequenter of the court, and mixed with the wits of the day. Edmund Gayton, the author of *Festivious notes to Don Quixote*, etc., wrote a tract called "*Wil Bagnal's Ghost, or the Merry Devil of Gadmanton, in his perambulation of the Prisons of London*, a poem, with characters of a prison," quarto, 1655; a work not mentioned in Bliss's account of books descriptive of character, appended to his edition of Hall's *Microcosmography*; nor have I seen a copy of it. In Spence's *Anecdotes of Books and Men*, p. 22, Bagnall is mentioned as the author of the once famous poem *The Counter Scuffle*.

A BALLET, a ballet! let every poet,
A ballett make with speed:
And he that has wit, now let him shew it,
For never was greater need:
And I that never made ballett before,
Will make one now, though I never make more.
Oh women, monstrous women,
What do you mean to doe?

It is their pride, and strange attire,
Which binds me to this taske;

Which king, and court, did much admire,
At the last Christmas maske,
But by your entertainment then,
You should have smal cause to come there agen.
Oh women, &c.

You cannot be contented to go,
As did the women of old:
But you are all for pride and show,
As they were for weather and cold.
O women, women! fie, fie, fie,
I wonder you are not ashamed, I.
Oh women, &c.

Where is the decency become
Which your fore-mother had?
With gowns of cloth, and capps of thrum,
They went full meanly clad.
But you must jett it in silkes and gold;
Your pride, though in winter, is never a cold.
O women, &c.

Your faces trick'd and painted bee,
Your breasts all open bare;*

* The fondness of ladies for painting their faces and exposing the bosom, was severely reprimanded by the divines and satirists in the early part of the seventeenth century. Dr. John Hall, in an appendix to his small volume against long hair, discoursed in unmeasured terms on "the vanities and exorbitances of many women, in painting, patching, spotting, and blotting

So farr that a man may almost see
Unto your lady ware:
And in the church, to tell you true,
Men cannot serve God for looking on you.
O women, &c.

And at the devill's shopps you buy,
A dresse of powdered hayre,*
On which your feathers flaunt and fly;
But I'de wish you have a care,
Lest Lucifer's selfe, who is not prouder,
Do one day dresse up your haire with a powder.
O women, &c.

---

themselves," declaring it to be "the badge of an harlot; rotten posts are painted, and gilded nutmegs are usually the worst." The portraits of noble ladies, in the reign of James I, which may be seen in Nicholls' account of the *Progresses* of that monarch, will sufficiently show how obtrusively immodest the fashion of exposing the naked breast had become. While a ruff, or band, of immoderate size stretched forth from the neck, the front of the dress was cut away immediately beneath it, nearly to the waist; which made the fashion more noticeable, as all the other part of the bust was over-cloathed, while the bosom was perfectly bare.

* This is a curious and rather early notice of hair powder, which, although used by the Romans and Saxons, does not appear to have prevailed in the middle ages, until the ladies began to use false hair in great quantities at the time when this ballad was written. The greatest use of powder was during the reign of Charles II, for the enormous wigs of the beaux. *Blue* hair-powder was worn in the time of George II. (See a notice of Fox's juvenile dress in the *Monthly Mirror* for 1806).

And many there are of those that go
Attyr'd from head to heele,
That them from men you cannot know*
Unlesse you do them feele;
But, oh, for shame, though they have none,
'Tis better believe, and let them alone.
O women, &c.

Both round and short they cut their hayre,
Whose length should women grace;
Loose, like themselves, their hatts they weare;
And when they come in place,
Where courtshipp and complements must bee,
They do it like men with cappe and knee.
O women, &c.

They at their sides, against our laws,
With little ponyards go;†
Which surely is, I thinke, because
They love men's weapons so;
Or else it is they'le stabb all men,
That do refuse to stabb them agen.
O women, &c.

Doublets, like to men, they weare,
As if they meant to flout us,

* Alluding to the doublets and vests worn with the petticoat in riding and walking.

† (See note at p. 97.)

Trust round with poynts,* and ribbons fayre,
But, I pray, lett's look about us;
For since the doublett so well doth fitt 'um,
They will have the breeches, and if they can get 'um.
O women, &c.

Nor do they care what a wise man saith,
Or preachers in their defame,
But jeer, and hold him an asse; but i' faith
They'd blush if they had any shame:
For citty and countrey do both deride 'em,
And our king, God blesse him, cannot abide 'em.
O women, &c.

And when the maske was at the court,
Before the king to be showne,
They got upon seats to see the sport,
But soon they were pull'd down;
And many were thrust out of dores,
Their coats well cudgel'd, and they call'd whores.
O king, relligious king,
God save thy majestie.

And so with prayers to God on high,
To grant his highnesse peace,
Wee hope we shall finde remedie
To make this mischiefe cease:

* See note at p. 81.

Since he in court hath tane so good order,
The citty leave to the maior and recorder.
O king, relligious king,
God bless thy majestie.

And women, all whom this concerns,
Though you offended be;
And now in foule and rayling tearms
Do swagger and scold at me;
I tell you, if you mind not your waies,
The devil will fetch you all, one of these days.
O women, monstrous women,
What do you mean to do?

XXXVII.

DR. SMITH'S BALLET.

This "ballet" is the offspring of the preceding one, and also first appeared in the *Musarum Deliciæ*. Dr. Smith "had so great a hand in that book," says Anthony Wood, "that he is esteemed the author of almost half of it." He was a great writer of light poetry, and lived intimately with the poetical wits of the early part of the seventeenth century, by whom he was much esteemed, most particularly by Philip Massinger, who called him his son. He and Sir John Mennis were also engaged together on the other volume of *Facetiæ*, already noticed,—*Wit Restored*, "which book," says Wood, "is mostly of our author Smith's composition." He was matriculated as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in Lent term, 1622, at the age of eighteen years. He became chaplain

to the Earls of Holland and Cleaveland, held a benefice in Lincolnshire, and ultimately settled at King's Nimphton, in Devonshire, "where he resided during all the changes of government, by compliance with the power that was uppermost." On the king's return he got many promotions, and died at his rectory, at Alphyngton, Devon, June 20th, 1667. His writings are remarkably *free*, in the fullest acceptation of the term, but *Lascivia est nobis pagina, vita proba est*: he lived in cheerless times, when mirth was considered sin, and he must occasionally have had much trouble to conform with the stringent sourness of those in power. The editor of Longman's reprint of these poems (1817), remarks, "it is strange that he had the hardihood to publish his poems during the usurpation; but the restoration was at hand, when such a muse could breathe freely, in an atmosphere perfectly congenial to her."

Will women's vanities never have end,
  Alack, what is the matter!
Shall poets all their spirits spend,
  And women yet never the better?
Will Bagnall's ballet hath done no good
To the head that is hid in the taffety hood,
Which makes the vertuous chew the cud,
  And I till now their debtor.

I once resolved to be blinde,
  And never set pen to sheet,
Though all the race of womankinde
  Were mad, I would not see't.
But now my heart is so big it struts,
And hold I cannot for my guts;
With as much ease as men crack nuts
  My rimes and members meet.

And first I will begin to touch
  Upon their daubing paint;
Their pride that way it is so much,
  It makes my muse grow faint.
And when they are got into a new suit,
They look as though they would straight go to't.
The divell's in't, and 's dam to boot,
  'Twould anger any saint.

Their soaring thoughts to book advance,
  'Tis odds, it may undoe 'um,
For ever since dame Eve's mischance,
  That villainous itch sticks to 'um.
And when they have got but a little smack,
They talk as if nothing they did lack,
Of Withers, Drayton, or Balzack:
  'Twould weary a man to wooe 'um.

Their faces are besmear'd and pierc'd,
  With severall sorts of patches,*
As if some cuts their skins had flead
  With scarres, half-moons, and notches.
Prodigious signes there keep their stations,
And meteors of must dreadfull fashions;
Booker† hath no such prognostications:
  Now out upon them, wretches!

With these they are disguised so,
  They look as untoward as elves,

* See cut on p. 160. † The famous Almanac-maker.

Their husbands scarce their wives can know,
Nor they sometimes themselves.
And every morn they feed their chaps,
With caudles, broths, and honey-sops:
And lap it up as thick as hops,
Ne're think on him that delves.

Sometimes I thinke them quite subdu'd,
They let me use such freedome,
And by and by they call'd me rude,
And such a word makes me dumbe;
They are so fickle and shy, God save 'um,
That a man can never tell where to have 'um;
I would we were all resolv'd to leave 'um,
While we hearafter need 'um.

Their kind behaviour is a trap
For men, wherein to catch 'um,
With sugared words they lye at snap,
But I'le be sure to watch 'um;
And when with every quaint devise,
They get us into fooles paradise,
They laugh, and leave us in a trise;
The fiend will one day fetch 'um.

Sometimes they in the water lurk,
Like fish with silver finns;
And then I wish I were a Turk,
And these my concubines.

But to tell you the truth without any erring,
They are neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring:
And when so'ere you find them stirring,
  They will put you in minde of your sins.

A Syren once had got a drone,
  And she began to chatter;
Quoth she, "Sweet-heart, I am thine own,"
  But i' faith 'twas no such matter.
But when he thought her as sure as a gun,
She set up her tail and away she run,
As if she did mean to outstrip the sun;
  The devil could never have set her.

Or if some women mean good sooth,
  And purpose lawfull marriage,
'Tis ten to one they have ne're a tooth,
  And then poor man must forage.
Who is so sped, is matcht with a woman,
He may weep without the help of an onyon.
He's an oxe, and an asse, and a slubberdegullion,
  That wooes, and does not bar age.

Your zealous lecturers often preach,
  And homilies eke expound,
But women, as if they were out of their reach,
  Persevere, and stand their ground.
They may preach as well to the walls, or roof,
There's not one amongst ten that are sermon proof,
Their hearts are as hard as a horse's hoof,
  And as hollow, but not so sound.

And when do you think this geare may mend,
And come to a better passe?
In truth, I thinke it will never have end.—
What, never? then, out, alas!
They hold such wicked counsells between 'um,
We can doe little else but make ballads against 'um,
Ten thousand furies I think are in 'um.
Is not this a pittiful case?

I think it were not much amisse,
To bring them into a play,
There's matter enough, and enough I wisse,
And I'le have the second day;
Where some shall be attir'd like pages,
The rest shall be as they are, baggages;
He that sets them a work will pay them their wages,
Troth that's the only way.

And now we have brought them upon the stage,
All sorts of people among;
I'le there expose them like birds in a cage,
To be gap'd on in midst of the throng.
Nay, now I have got them within my clutches,
I'le neither favour lady, nor dutches,
Although they may think this over-much is,
They are no more to me then those that goe on crutches.
I made this staffe too longe.

Now Lord preserve our gracious queen,
That gives her cautions ample,

Yet they, as if it never had been,
On all good precepts trample.
But here's the spite, it would anger a stone,
That a woman should go to heaven alone:
But it will never be by hope, that's bred in the bone
They'l never mend by example.

XXXVIII.

THE PHANTASTICK AGE;

OR, THE ANATOMY OF ENGLAND'S VANITY,

"In wearing the fashions
Of severall nations.
With good exhortations
Against transmutations."

FROM the *Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, now in the British Museum, volume i. It is "printed for Thomas Lambert," and directed to be sung "to the tune of *O women, monstrous, &c.*" The song in page 144, seems to have originated the following, which is little more than its amplification, by an author who wished to rival "Will Bagnall's Ballet."

AUDIENCE, audience, gallants all,
For here, as on a stage,
I'le shew the postures admirall
Of this phantastick age,
Wherein both sexes are grown strange,
And, Phebe-like, they often change.
O monsters,
Neutrall monsters,
Leave these foolish toyes.

Chamelion-like, themselves they change,
To any colour seene;
How many severall fashions strange
Hath here observed beene
Within the circuit of few yeares,
As by experience truth appeares.
O monsters, &c.*

An English man or woman now,
(I'le make excuse for neither,)
Composed are, I know not how,
Of many shreds together:
Italian, Spaniard, French, and Dutch,
Of each of these they have a touch.
O monsters, &c.

The German, and the drunken Dane,
The Persian, and Polonian;
The sun-burnt Ethiopian,
The Russian, and Slavonian;
Our English imitate in cloathes,
In drinking, drabbing, and strange oathes.
O monsters, &c.

When meeknesse bore in England sway,
And pride was not regarded,
Then vertue bore the bell away,
And goodnesse was rewarded;

* The burden is the same to the end, except that "foolish toyes" is changed into "apish toyes" throughout.

Now our phantastick innovations,
Doe cause prodigious transmutations.
O monsters, &c.

Our men were in precedent dayes
To manly actions bent,
They did not seek their names to raise
By cloathes, and complement.
Now he's the man whose brave apparel
Defends him in a taverne quarrell.
O monsters, &c.

Mee thinks the taylors should not chuse
But grow exceeding rich,
Yet from them I heare no such newes,
Though they goe thorow stitch:
The reason's this, new cloathes are made
Before the old bill is defraide.
O monsters, &c.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Now many of both sexes goe
Each afternoone to th' play,
Their rich acoutrements to shew,
And doe even what they may;
To note, if they can any spy,
That put them down in bravery.
O monsters, &c.

The women will not be at quiet,
Their mindes will still be crost,
Til husbands, friends, or fathers buy it,
What ever price it cost.
Thus wide mouth'd pride insatiately,
Devoures all thoughts of piety.
O monsters, &c.

And men that should more wisdom have
Then the frayle female sex,
As many fond inventions have,
Nay, rather they'l annexe
Unto the story of their shame,
A higher style than women claime.
O monsters, &c.

Ungirt, unblest, the proverb sayes,
And they to prove it right,
Have got a fashion now-a-dayes,
That's odious to the sight,
Of those who love civility,
And hate this idle foppery.
O monsters, &c.

Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
No girdles now they weare,
To spread this fashion thro' the land
The hangman, as I heare,

When at foure gates hee hang'd foure men,
Did weare just such a dublet then.*
O monsters, &c.

If any thing may give them light
To see their vanity,
In my conceit that object might
Make wise men to defie
A fashion that is held so base,
Worne by the hangman in disgrace.
O monsters, &c.

Nowe to conclude, with all my heart
I wish that every one
Would study on some better art,
And let vaine pride alone:
Be as your good forefathers were,
And let not vice thus domineere.
O monsters, &c.

---

* A humorous poetical version of this story, by S. Rowlands, is given in the introduction to that writer's *Four Knaves*, published by the Percy Society, 1843, as follows:

"A giddy gallant that beyond the seas
Sought fashions out, his idle pate to please,
In travelling did meet upon the way
A fellow that was suited richly gay;
No lesse than crimson velvet did him grace,
All garded and re-garded with gold lace.
His hat was feather'd like a lady's fan,
Which made the gallant think him some great man,
And vayl'd unto him with a meek salute,
In reverence of his gilded velvet sute.
'Sir,' quoth his man, 'your worship doth not know
What you have done, to wrong your credit so;
This is the *bewle* in Dutch, in English plain
The rascal hangman, whom all men disdain;
I saw him tother day, on Castle-green,
Hang four as proper men as e'er were seen.'"

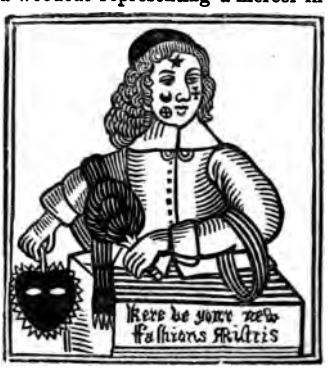
What you profusely doe let fly,
In pride, in drinke, and gaine;
Spend in good hospitality,
'Twill elevate your fame:
The prayers and prayses of the poore
Shal cloathe your mindes for evermore.
O monsters, &c.

XXXIX.

THE BURSE OF REFORMATION.

THIS curious semi-political satire on the fashions and times, is also from *Wit Restored, in severall select poems not formerly publish't*, (1658). It is very likely to be the production of Dr. James Smith, whose style and feeling it embodies.

The many allusions throughout to various articles of costume sold at the mercer's shop, who, after the first stanza, appears to be addressing his customer, invest this ballad with interest, even when viewed in the light of an illustration of manners alone. In the *Roxburghe Ballads*, is a woodcut representing a mercer in his shop, addressing his customers; which, as it affords a curious illustration of the ballad before us, is copied on a reduced scale. He holds a black mask edged with lace in his right hand; a black lace scarf is hung over his arm. Over his left arm is a hank of laces, and in that hand a feather fan. The many patches of



fanciful form exhibited on his face, will explain the allusions to these fantastic ornaments in the ballad. Bulwer, in his *Artificiall Changeling*, 1653, says, "Our ladies here have lately entertained a vaine custome of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had, and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes and figures."

We will go no more to the Old Exchange,
There's no good ware at all:
Their bodkins, and their thimbles too,
Went long since to Guildhall.
But we will go to the New Exchange,
Where all things are in fashion;
And we will have it henceforth call'd
The Burse of Reformation.*
Come lads and lasses, what do you lack?
Heare is weare of all prices;
Here's long and short, here's wide and straight;
Here are things of all sizes.

Madam, you may fit yourselfe
With all sorts of good pinns,
Sirs, here is jett, and here is hayre,
Gold and cornelian rings;

---

* "Brittain's Burse" was the name first given by Elizabeth to Gresham's building. The New Exchange was erected in 1608 on the site of the stabling of Durham House, in the Strand.

Here is an English conny furr,
Rushia hath no such stuffe,
Which for to keep your fingers warme,
Excells your sable muffe.
Come lads, &c.

Pray you madam sitt, i'le show good ware,
For crowding nere fear that,
Against a stall, or on a stool,
You'l nere hurt a crevatt.
Heer's childrens bawbles, and men's too,
To play with, for delight.
Heer's round-heads, when turn'd every way
At length will stand upright.
Come lads, &c.

Heer's dice and boxes, if you please
To play at in and in;
Heer's hornes for brows, and browes for hornes,
Which never will be seen.
Heer is a sett of kettle pinns,
With bowle at them to rowle:
And if you like such trundling sport
Here is my ladyes hole.
Come lads, &c.

Heer's shaddow'd ribbon, of all sorts,
As various as your mind;
And heer's a wind-mill, like your selfe,
Will turn with every wind.

And heer's a church of the same stuffe,
Cutt out in the new fashion;
Hard by is a priest, stands twice a day,
Will serve your congregation.
Come lads, &c.

Heer are some Presbyterian things,
Falne lately out of fashion;
Because we hear that Prester John
Doth circumsize his nation.
And heer are Independent knacks,
Rais'd with his spirits humor;
And heer's cheap ware was sequestred
For a Malignant tumor.
Come lads, &c.

Heer patches are of every art,
For pimples, and for scarrs;
Heer's all the wandring planett signes,
And some o' th' fixed starrs,
Already gumm'd, to make them stick,
They need no other sky,
Nor starrs, for Lilly for to vew,
To tell your fortunes by.
Come lads, &c.

To eject powder in your hayre,
Here is a pritty puff;
Would for clister case serve too,
Were it fil'd with such stuffe.

Madam, here are pistachie nutts,
Strengthening oringo roots;
And heer's a preserv'd apricock,
With the stones pendant too't.
Come lads, &c.

Here are perriwiggs will fit all hayres,
False beards for a disguise;
I can helpe lasses which are bare
In all parts, as their thighs.
If you'l engage well, here you may
Take up fine Holland smocks;
We have all things that women want,
Except Italian locks.
Come lads, &c.

Here are hot boyes have backs like bulls,
At first sight can leap lasses;
And bearded ladds hold out like goats;
And here are some like asses.
Here are gallants can outdo
Your usher, or your page;
You need not go to Ludgate more
'Till threescore yeares of age.
Come lads, &c.

Madam, here is a Politicus
Was Pragmaticus of late;*

* *Mercurius Politicus*, and *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, were newspapers, both of which emanated from a famous journalist,

And here is an Elentichus,*
That fallacies doth prate.
Here is the Intelligencer too,†
See how 'bout him they throng!

Marchmont Needham. In his *Pragmaticus* he had exposed Charles I, and had suffered a short imprisonment for that offence; but having made most humble submission to the court, he changed sides, and galled the Presbyterians in his paper by ridicule of the most unmerciful kind. When the king's fortunes failed, Bradshaw found little trouble in purchasing his ready pen; and he began the *Mercurius Politicus*, abandoning his old paper and its politics, and becoming a still more virulent Presbyterian, lashing the Royalist party so unmercifully, that, upon the Restoration, he deemed it safest for his neck to fly to Holland, until he could purchase a pardon through the venality of a court favourite; when he returned to England, but was much despised.

* *Mercury* was the favourite prenomen for the newspapers of those times, with another to indicate the party from whom each emanated. No. 1 of *Mercurius Elenticus*, contained news from January 31 to February 7, 1648, "communicating the unparalleled proceedings at Westminster, the head quarters, and other places, discovering their designs, reproving the crimes, and advising the kingdom." Its politics may be judged from the following stanzas printed in it:—

"To kill the king eight years agon,
Was counted highest treason:
But now 'tis deemed just, and done
As consonant to reason.
* * * * * *
Both prince and people lived in peace,
The land with wealth abounded:
But now these blessings fade and cease,
Thankes to the cursed Round-head."

† There were several newspapers bearing the name of *Intelligencers* at this time; taking their titles, as *The Swedish Intelligencer, &c.*, from the countries whose news they principally furnished. *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, commenced in 1662, bore

Whilst Mellancholicus alone*
Walkes here to make a song.
Come lads, &c.

Then lett's no more to the Old Exchange,
There's no good ware at all;
Their bodkins, and their thimbles too,
Went long since to Guildhall.†
But we will to the New Exchange,
Where all things are in fashion;
And we will have it henceforth call'd
The Burse of Reformation.
Come lads and lasses, what do you lack?
Here is weare of all prises;
Here's long and short, here's wide and straight;
Here are things of all sizes.

---

the most resemblance to a modern paper, being the first to give notices of law courts, proceedings in parliament, obituary, &c.

* *Mercurius Mellancholicus; or news from Westminster*, was first published in September, 1647; it was a Royalist paper, and its name denoted the unfortunate aspect the king's cause was taking and its effect on loyal minds; it has this strong couplet in its first number:—

"Woe is me, undone, with blasts the flowers doe fade,
The chrystal springs by swine are puddle made."

† An allusion to the general contribution of plate towards aiding the Parliamentary army. The poorer persons brought many trifling articles, like those mentioned in this ballad, which gave reason for its being named "the thimble and bodkin army."

THE ANSWER.

We will go no more to the New Exchange,
  Their credit's like to fall,
Their money and their loyalty
  Is gone to Goldsmiths' Hall.*
But we will keep our Old Exchange,
  Where wealth is still in fashion,
Gold chaines and ruffes shalt beare the bell,
  For all your reformation.
    Look on our walls, and pillars too,
      You'l find us much the sounder:
    Sir Thomas Gresham stands upright,
      But Crook-back was your founder.

There you have poynts, and pinns, and rings,
  With such-like toyes as those,
There patches, gloves, and ribons gay,
  And O our money goes.
But when a fammily is sunck,
  And titles are a-fading,
Some merchant's daughter setts you up,
  Thus great ones live by trading.
    Look, &c.

Marke the nobility throughout,
  Moderne and antient too;
You'l see what power the citty had,
  And how much it could do.

* The place appointed for the reception of fines imposed upon the Royalists; and for loans, etc., to the Puritanic party.

Not many houses you'l observe
Of honour, true or seeming,
But have received from the Burse
Creation or redeeming.
Look, &c.

Our wonted meetings are at twelve,
Which all the world approves,
But you keep off till candle-time,
To make your secret loves.
Then you come flocking in amaine,
Like birds of the same feather,
Or beasts repayring to the arke,
Uncleane and cleane together.
Look, &c.

Wee strike a bargaine in the Exchange,
But make it good elsewhere;
And your proceedings are alike,
Though not so good, I fear.
For your commodities are nought,
However you may prize them;
Then corners, and darke holes are sought,
The better to disguise them.
Look, &c.

We walke o're cellars richly fill'd
With spices of each kind,
You have a taverne underneath,
And so you're undermin'd.

If such a building long endure
All sober men may wonder,
When giddy and light heads prevaile,
Both above ground and under.
Look, &c.

Wee have an office, to ensure
Our shipps and goods at sea:
No tempest, rock, or pyrat, can
Deprive us of that plea.
But if your ladies spring a leake,
Or boarded be, and taken,
Who shall secure your capitoll,
And save youre heads from aking?
Look, &c.

Then we'll go no more to the New Exchange,
Their credit's like to fall,
Their money and their loyalty
Is gone to Goldsmiths' Hall.
But we will keep our Old Exchange,
Where wealth is still in fashion,
Gold chaines and ruffes shall bear the bell,
For all your reformation.
Look on our walls and pillars too,
You'l find us much the sounder:
Sir Thomas Gresham stands upright,
But Crook-back was your founder.

XL.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CAPTAINE LONG-HAIRE AND ALDERMAN SHORT-HAIRE.

THIS characteristic dialogue, a parody on a popular amatory poem, is printed from a copy in Harleian MS., No. 6396.

The great outward distinction between the Puritans and Cavaliers, was the length of hair indulged in by the latter, and the close cropping of the former, who from that obtained the name of *round heads*. A song printed in 1641, entitled *The Character of a Roundhead*, commences thus :—

"What creature's this? with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith has founded?
The Puritans were never such,
The saints themselves had ne'er so much,—
Oh such a knave's a Roundhead!"

It is recorded that these men guessed the morality of a man by the length of his hair, as Butler describes them to have done by his cap.

"——— black caps overlaid with white,
Gave outward sign of inward light."

The rigid Puritans, who left this country for America in the early part of the reign of Charles I, published a manifesto against long hair in their new colony, in which they call it "an impious custom, and a shameful practice, for any man who has the least care for his soul to wear long hair"; and they therefore enact that it shall be rigidly cropped, and not allowed to be worn in churches, so that "those persons, who, notwithstanding these rigorous prohibitions, and the means of correction that shall be used on this account, shall still persist in this custom, shall have both God and man at the same time against them."

C. L. Ask me no more why I do waire
My haire so far below mine eare;
For the first man that e'er was made
Did never know the barber trade.

A. S. Aske me no more where all the day,
The foolish owle doth make her stay;
'Tis in your locks, for, tak't from me,
She thinks your haire an ivy-tree.

C. L. Tell me no more that length of haire,
Can make the visage seem less fair;
For know, howe'er my hair doth sit,
I'm sure that yours comes *short* of it.

A. S. Tell me no more men wear long haire
To chase away the coldest ayre;
For by experience we may see,
Long hair will but a backwind be.

C. L. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboystness in a man;
For 'tis religious, being inclined,
To keep the temples from the wind.

A. S. Tell me no more that roarers waire
Their hair extent below their ear:
For having morgaged theyr land
They'd faine obscure th' appearing band.

C. L. Ask me no more why hair may be,
Th' expression of gentility;
'Tis that which, being largely grown,
Derives its pedigree from the crown.

XLI.

ON LOYAL FASHIONS IN DRESS.

FROM Ashmole's MS., 36, 37, art. 97. It appears to have been occasioned by some Puritanic objection to the wearing of the blue riband in hat or shoe roses, that being "the king's colour."

ALAS, what take you pepper in your noses,
To see K. Charles his collour worne in roses?
'Twas but an ornament to grace the hat,
Yet must we have an ordnance 'bout that!
Oh! serious worthyes, how could you dispence
With soe much tyme to draw a grevance hence?
But you doe very well to make it knowne,
When others loyaltyes surmounts your owne;
You can, and will suppresse it; well, you may
Doe what you list, when we must needes obey.
I hope youle shortly take the taylors trade,
And vote how our apparrell must be made;
So women may by your brave orders see,
How wide their smocks and pettycoates must be;
For 'tis all one, to tell us what we weare,

And what we must not, this is pretty geare.
Yf it contynue, faith, be barbors too,
And cutt our hayres to that same length you doe
You owne, and make it noe less cryme then treason,
To weare, or doe, or els speake ought with reason.
As for the king, hees king youle say, 'tis true;
But he would rule himself, and not let you.
What, would he soe? hees very much to blame,
And meritts your displeasure for the same;
He will not graunt that you, his friends, 'tis true,
Should rule two kingdoms as the third rules you.*
Least from a ribbon there should spring a faction,
'Twas wisely done to stopp its growth to action;
Yet in despight of him that dares controll,
I'le weare my soveraignes collours in my soule.

XLII.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN'S SILKE HOODE.

From the same MS. as the preceding; art. 169. Hollar's four female half-lengths, emblematic of the seasons, and engraved in 1641, exhibit the fashions alluded to in the following poem, to the minutest point.

Is there a sanctity in love begun,
That every woman veyles, and turnes lay nun?

---

* An allusion to the great influence the Scotch possessed over the army and the Parliament, in the early part of the civil war.

Alas! your guilt appeares still through this dresse,
You doe not soe much cover as confesse;
To me 'tis a memoriall, I beginne
Forthwith to thinke on Venus and the ginne,
Discovering in these vayles, soe sutely sett,
At least the upper parts caught in a nett.
Tell me, whoe tought you to give soe much light,
As may entice, not satisfie the sight?
Betraying what may cause us to admire,
And kindle only, but not quench desire.
Among your other subtiltyes, this is one,
That you see all, and yet are seene of none.
'Tis the darke lanthorne to the face, oh! then
I may conclude there's treason against men;
Whiles thus you only doe expose the lippes,
'Tis but a faire and wantoner ecclipps;
Mean't how you will, at once to shew and hide,
At best is but the modesty of pride;
Either unvayle you then, or veyle quite or'e,
Beauty deserves not so much, foulenesse more!
But I profaine, like one whose strange desires
Bringe to Love's altar foule and drossie fires;
Sinke those words to your cradles, for I know,
Foule as you are, your byrth came from below.
My fancie's now all hallowed, and I finde
Pure vessells in my thoughts, priests in my minde.
Soe Jove appeares, when breaking out his way,
From the darke chaos, he first sheds the day;
Newly awak'd out of the budds, soe shewes,
The halfe seene, halfe hidd, glory of the rose,

As you doe through your vayles; and I may sweare,
Viewing you soe that beauty doth budde there.
Soe truth lay under fables, that the eye
Might reverence the mystery, not discrye;
Light being soe proporcioned that noe more
Was seene, but what might cause them to adore.
Thus is your dresse soe ordered, soe contrived,
As 'tis but only poetry revived.
Such doubtfull light had sacred groves, whear rodds
And twiggs at last did shoote up into gods.
Wheare then a shade darkens the beauteous face,
Shall not I pay her reverence to the place.
Soe under water glymering starrs appeare,
As those, but neerer starrs your eyes doe heere;
Soe deityes darkened sitt, that we may finde,
A better way to see them in our minde.
Noe bold Ixion then, be heere allow'd,
Where Juno dares her selfe be in the cloude.
Me thinks the first age comes againe, and we
See a revival of symplicitye.
Thus lookes the country virgin, whose browne hew
Hoods her, and makes her shew even vyle as you.
Bless them, that checks our hopes and spurres our feare,
Whilst all doth not lye hid, nor all appeare;
O feare you noe assaults from bolder men,
When they assayle be this your armor then;
A silken helmet may defend those parts,
Where softer kisses are the only darts.

XLIII.

ON THE MYSTIC DESIGN OF THE "DISGUISES" OR ORNAMENTS OF PRELATES.

From Ashmole's MS., No. 48, art. 73. The Reformed Church retained but little of the symbolic dress of the priesthood, and that little was much opposed by the Calvinistic party, and upheld by Laud. The following short poem, descriptive of the dress of a Protestant prelate, was probably written to shew how little there was to object to in its signification.

The albe and surplisse white doth note,
A life withouten stayne or spot;
The horned miter represents,
Full knowledge in both testaments;
The gloves that beene all newe and white,
Handlinge the sacraments arighte;
The crosyer staffe most playnly showes,
Redusinge of their strayed ewes;
The crosse, books, scripture, do portend,
Of men's desires the doubtfull end.
Behold what trust and deepe devises
Theis prelates have in their disguises.

XLIV.

THE CLOAK'S KNAVERY.

THIS capital old song, to the equally good old tune of "Pagging-ton's Pound," is a loyal effusion of the reign of Charles II; satirically descriptive of the doings of the Protectorate. It is printed in D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*. A copy, with the music, occurs as a broadside in the Roxburghe collection. The allusion to the popish plot in the last stanza, will help to fix its date. But as the copy alluded to is said to be "reprinted, corrected, revised, and *enlarged* by the author," it very probably made its original appearance in an abbreviated form some years earlier. Thomas Jordan, the city poet laureate, has, in "a poetical parley with a threadbare cloak," (reprinted in Nichols's *Select collection of Poems*, 1781, vol. vii, p. 62), concluded with some lines which may have suggested the ballad:—

"——— these are no times for thee,
Thick cloaks are only fit for knavery:
The only cloaks that now are most in fashion,
Are Liberty, Religion, Reformation;
All these are fac'd with zeal, and button'd down
With jewels dropp'd from an imperial crown
* * * * * * *
How canst thou hope for entertainment when
Women make cloaks even of committee-men."

COME buy my new ballet,
I have't in my wallet,
But 'twill not, I fear, please every pallat;
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my youth,
That every line in my ballet is truth:

A ballet of wit, a brave ballet of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a gown,
That crampt all the kingdom, and crippl'd the crown.

I'll tell you in brief,
A story of grief,
Which happen'd when cloak was commander-in-chief;
It tore common prayers,
Imprison'd lord mayors,
In one day it voted down prelates and players:
It made people perjur'd in point of obedience,
And the covenant did cut off the oath of allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the kingdom and crippl'd the crown.

It was a black Cloak,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroke;
With hatchet and rope,
The forlorn hope,
Did joyn with the devil to pull down the pope:
It set all the sects in the city to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r guns,
Those fierce demi-Gorgons,
It brought in the bagpipes, and pull'd down the organs;
The pulpits did smoak,
The churches did choak,

And all our religion was turn'd to a cloak;
It brought in lay-elders could not write nor read,
It set *public faith* up, and pull'd down *the Creed.*
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impostor,
Such fury did foster,
It left us no penny, nor no pater noster;
It threw to the ground
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice twenty times ten of its own:
It routed the king, and villains elected
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind peoples eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off ship-money, but set up excise:
Men brought in their plate,
For reasons of state,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter, and his mate:
In pamphlets it writ many specious epistles,
To cozen poor wenches of bodkins and whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out—*Fight the Lord's battles, beloved;*
It bobtayl'd the gown,
Put prelacy down,

It trod on the mitre to reach at the crown:
And into the field it an army did bring,
To aim at the council, but shot at the king.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up states,
Whose politick pates
Do now keep their quarters on the City gates;
To father and mother,
To sister and brother,
It gave a commission to kill one another:
It took up men's horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our goods to secure our estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable deed,
It made the best mirror of majesty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on foot,
By rallying and calling his journeyman to't;
For never had come such a bloody disaster
If Cloak had not first drawn a sword at his master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though some of them must hence,
By sorrowful sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to repentance;
But he and his men,
Twenty thousand times ten,

Are plotting to do their tricks over again:
But let this proud Cloak to authority stoop,
Or *Dun** will provide him a button and loop.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did sever the head from the crown.

Let's pray that the king,
And his Parliament,
In sacred and secular things may consent;
So righteously firm,
And religiously free,
That papists and atheists suppressed may be;
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One faith, and one form, and one church may contain us.
Then peace, truth, and plenty, our kingdom will crown,
And all popish plots, and their plotters shall down.

---

* The name of the hangman at this period. He was succeeded by one who bequeathed his name to that officer until the present day; and of whom the earliest notice I can find is in the following title, "The Plotter's Ballad; being Jack Ketch's incomparable receipt for the cure of traytorous recusants. Licensed December the 2nd, 1678."

XLV.

AN INVOCATION TO A BEAU.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humorous Lovers*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., 7367, the following song, (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the fourth act.

I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the ribands in thy hatt,
By thy pretty lac'd cravat,
By the ribands round thy bum,
Which is brac'd much like a drum,
By thy dangling pantaloons,
And thy ruffling port cannons,*
By thy friezeld perriwigge,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy sword of silver guilt,
And the riband at thy hilt;
Apeare, apear.

---

* *Cannons* are so called because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots—*Minshieu*. Nares calls them "boot hose tops"; they were single or double rolls of puffed ribbons surrounding the knee.

XLVI.

MUNDUS MULIEBRIS:

OR, THE LADIES DRESSING ROOM UNLOCKED, AND HER TOILETTE SPREAD.

THIS very curious satirical poem was published as a quarto tract of twenty-two pages in 1690. I know of no equally minute description of the contents of a lady's boudoir, and the fanciful names given to the various articles of dress. To it is appended a *Fop-Dictionary*, describing the derivation and character of them all, which have been appended as foot-notes to our reprint, to which some few more explanatory ones have been added. The author, in his Preface, gives a striking picture of the simplicity of ladies in the "good old times," contrasting it with the extravagance and affectation of those in his own day; and he says he has compiled this poem, that all those who would venture on the voyage of matrimony, may see what equipments modern luxury had then made necessary.

HE that will needs to Marry-land
Adventure, first must understand
For's bark, what tackle to prepare,
'Gainst wind and weather, wear and tare:
Of Point d'Espagne a rich cornet,*
Two night-rails,† and a scarf beset

---

* The upper *Pinner*, dangling about the cheeks like hound's ears.

† A body dress, unconfined at the waist and closed only round the neck—literally night gowns,—which the ladies adopted as a

With a great lace, a colleret.*

morning dress. Walker, in his *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, 1818, says: "Amongst other ridiculous fashions which prevailed in this country, since the reign of Queen Anne, was that of the ladies wearing bed gowns in the streets, about forty years ago. The *canaille* of Dublin were so disgusted with this fashion, or perhaps deemed it so prejudicial to trade, that they tried every expedient to abolish it. They insulted in the streets and public places those ladies who complied with it, and ridiculed it in ballads. But the only expedient that proved effectual, was the prevailing on an unfortunate female, who had been condemned for a murder, to appear at the place of execution in a bed gown." A very rare print in the editor's collection of such as illustrate costume, represents a lady placed in the stocks for wearing one: beneath is inscribed :—

"The night Raile, 'tis a cunning subtle thing,
In summer its coole, in winter heat doth bring.
What same thing hot and cold; strange Paradox,
Can that be thick that's thin, 'tis heterodox,
Yet will this lady have it orthodox;
Wherefore wee'l fairly put her in the stocks.
Ladies beware! from pride this errour came,
So sure as chalk and cheese are not the same."

In front of the lady stands a little girl, whose figure is engraved above, as it exhibits this peculiar fashion so well. The lady appeals to her; "Little miss, what say you?" She is too young to conceal discomfort for fashion's sake, and honestly answers :

"Madam. my night-raile gives no heate,
You say yours does, 'tis but a cheate,
Therefore, pray Madam, keep your seat."

* A sort of gorget.

One black gown of rich silk, which odd is
Without one colour'd, embroider'd bodice:
Four petticoats for page to hold up,
Four short ones nearer to the crup:
Three manteaus, nor can madam less
Provision have for due undress;
Nor demy sultane,* spagnolet,†
Nor fringe to sweep the Mall forget:
Of under bodice three neat pair
Embroider'd, and of shoos as fair:
Short under petticoats pure fine,
Some of Japan stuff, some of Chine,
With knee-high galoon‡ bottomed,
Another quilted white and red;
With a broad Flanders lace below:
Four pair of bas de soy§ shot through
With silver, diamond buckles too,
For garters, and as rich for shoo.
Twice twelve-day smocks of Holland fine,
With cambric sleeves, rich point to joyn,
(For she despises colbertine).‖

---

* A gown trimmed with buttons and loops.

† A kind of narrow-sleeved gown, à l'Espagnole.

‡ A kind of worsted lace; the pattern of which was afterwards adopted in richer materials for the gentry.

§ Silk stockings with gold or silver thread wove into the clock.

‖ A lace resembling net-work, of the fabric of Monsieur Colbert, superintendent of the French king's manufactories. Randle Holme describes it as "an open lace with a square grounding." It ultimately became cheap, and consequently unfashionable.

Twelve more for night, all Flanders lac'd,
Or else she'll think herself disgrac'd:
With same her night-gown must adorn,
The two point wastcoats for the morn:
Of pocket mouchoirs, nose to drain,
A dozen lac'd, a dozen plain:
Three night-gowns of rich Indian stuff,
Four cushion-cloths are scarce enough,
Of point, and Flanders, nor forget
Slippers embroidered on velvet:
A manteau girdle, ruby buckle,
And brillant diamond rings for knuckle:
Fans painted, and perfumed three;
Three muffs of sable, ermine, grey;
Nor reckon it among the baubles,
A palatine also of sables.*
A saphire bodkin for the hair,
Or sparkling facet diamond there:
Then turquois, ruby, emrauld rings
For fingers; and such petty things
As diamond pendants for the ears,
Must needs be had; or two pearl pears,
Pearl neck-lace, large and oriental,
And diamond, and of amber pale;
For oranges bears every bush,
Nor values she cheap things a rush.
Then bracelets for her wrists bespeak,

* Formerly called *sables*, or *tippet*, because made of the tails of that animal.

(Unless her heart-strings you will break);
With diamond croche* for breast and bum,
Till to hang more on there's no room.
Besides these jewels you must get
Cuff buckles, and an handsom set
Of tags for palatine, a curious hasp
The manteau 'bout her neck to clasp:
Nor may she want a ruby locket,
Nor the fine sweet quilted pocket;
To play at ombre, or basset,
She a rich pulvil† purse must get,
With guineas fill'd, on cards to lay,
With which she fancies most to play:
Nor is she troubled at ill fortune,
For should the bank be so importune,
To rob her of her glittering store,
The amorous fop will furnish more.
Pensive and mute, behind her shoulder
He stands, till by her loss grown bolder,
Into her lap rouleau‡ conveys,
The softest thing a lover says:
She grasps it in her greedy hands,
Then best his passion understands;

---

* The hook to which are chained the ladies watch, seals, intaglios, &c.

† The Portugal term for the most exquisite powders and perfumes.

‡ Rouleau is forty-nine guineas made up in a paper roll, which Monsieur F——, Sir J——, and Father B—— lend to losing gamesters, that are good men, to have fifty in return.

When tedious languishing has fail'd,
Rouleau has constantly prevail'd.
But to go on where we left off,
Though you may think what's said enough;
This is not half that does belong
To the fantastick female throng:
In pin-up ruffles now she flaunts,
About her sleeves are engageants:*
Of ribbon, various echelles,†
Gloves trimm'd, and lac'd as fine as Nells.
Twelve dozen Martial,‡ whole, and half,
Of jonquil, tuberose (don't laugh),
Frangipan, orange, violett,
Narcissus, jassemin, ambrett:
And some of chicken-skin for night,
To keep her hands plump, soft, and white:§
Mouches‖ for pushes, to be sure,
From Paris the tré-fine procure,

---

* Deep double ruffles hanging down to the wrists.

† A pectoral, or stomacher laced with ribbon, like the rounds of a ladder.

‡ The name of a famous French perfumer, emulating the Frangipani of Rome.

§ Chicken gloves were of the most delicate materials and thinnest skin, and were worn in bed to keep the hands white, as late as the middle of the reign of George III, even by gentlemen as well as ladies. To perfume gloves was a common practice from the time of Elizabeth; and it was not until gloves became cheap and in common use that it was discontinued.

‖ Flies, or, black patches.

And Spanish paper,[a] lip, and cheek,
With spittle sweetly to belick:
Nor therefore spare in the next place,
The pocket sprunking[b] looking-glass;
Calembuc[c] combs in pulvil case,
To set, and trim the hair and face:
And that the cheeks may both agree,
Plumpers[d] to fill the cavity.
The settée,[e] cupée,[f] place aright,
Frelange,[g] Fontagne,[h] favorite;[i]
Monté la haut,[j] and palisade,[k]
Sorti,[l] flandan,[m] (great helps to trade)

---

[a] "A beautiful red colour, which the ladies, &c., in Spain paint their faces withal." It was made up into little books, and a leaf was torn out, and rubbed upon the cheeks, the vermillion powder which covered it being transferred to the face. It was in use at the end of the last century.

[b] A Dutch term for pruning, tiffing, trimming, and setting out, by the glass, or pocket mirror.

[c] A certain precious wood, of an agreeable scent, brought from the Indies.

[d] Certain very thin, round, and light balls, to plump out and fill up the cavities of the cheeks, much used by old court-countesses.

[e] The double pinner. [f] A kind of pinner.

[g] Bonnet and pinner together.

[h] The top knot, so called from Mademoiselle Fontange, one of the French king's mistresses, who first wore it.

[i] Locks dangling on the temples.

[j] Certain degrees of wire to raise the dress.

[k] A wire sustaining the hair next to the dutchess, or first knot.

[l] A little knot of small ribbon, peeping out between the pinner and bonnet. [m] A kind of pinner joining with the bonnet.

Burgoigne,[a] jardiné,[b] cornett,
Frilal[c] next upper pinner set,
Round which it does our ladies please
To spread the hood call'd rayonnés :[d]
Behind the noddle every baggage
Wears bundle choux,[e] in English cabbage.
Nor cruches[f] she, nor confidents,[g]
Nor passagers,[h] nor bergers[i] wants;
And when this grace nature denies,
An artificial tour[j] supplies;
All which with meurtriers[k] unite,
And creve-cœurs[l] silly fops to smite,
Or take in toll at park or play;
Nor holy church is safe, they say,

---

[a] The first part of the dress for the head next the hair.

[b] The single pinner next the bourgogne.

[c] Borders of ornamental ribbon; it is still preserved in the vulgar saying of dressing with "fine *fal-lals.*"

[d] An upper hood, pinned in a circle, like the sunbeams.

[e] The great round boss, or bundle of hair, worn at the back of the head, and resembling a cabbage, from whence the French gave it that name.

[f] Certain smaller curls, placed on the forehead.

[g] Smaller curls near the ears.

[h] A curled lock next the temples.

[i] A plain small lock (à la shepherdesse) turned up with a puff.

[j] An artificial dress of hair in the forehead.

[k] *Murderers*, a certain knot in the hair, which ties and unites the curls.

[l] *Heart-breakers*, the two small curled locks at the nape of the neck.

Where decent veil was wont to hide
The modest sex religious pride:
Lest these yet prove too great a load,
'Tis all compris'd in the commode ;*
Pins tipt with diamond, point and head,
By which the curls are fastened,
In radiant firmament† set out,
And over all the hood *sur-tout.*
Thus, face that e'rst near head was plac'd
Imagine now about the wast,
For tour on tour, and tire on tire,
Like steeple Bow, or Grantham spire,
Or Septizonium,‡ once at Rome,
(But does not half so well become
Fair ladies head) you here behold
Beauty by tyrant mode controll'd.
The graceful oval, and the round,
This horse tire does quite confound ;
And ears like satyr, large and raw,

* A frame of wire, covered with silk, on which the whole head-tire is adjusted at once upon *a bust*, or property of wood carved to the breasts, like that which perruque makers set upon their stalls.

† The firmament was an encircling ornament for the hair, of diamonds or other precious stones, heading the pins which they stick in the tour, and hair, like stars.

‡ A very high tower in Rome, built by the Emperour Severus, of seven ranks of pillars, set one upon the other, and diminishing to the top, like the ladies new dress for their heads, which was the mode among the Roman dames, and is exactly described by Juvenal in his sixth satyr.

And bony face, and hollow jaw ;
This monstrous dress does now reveal
Which well plac'd curles did once conceal.
Besides all these, 'tis always meant
You furnish her appartement,
With Moreclack tapistry,* damask bed,
Or velvet richly embroidered :
Branches, brasero,† cassolets,‡
A cofre fort,§ and cabinets,
Vasas of silver, porcelan, store
To set, and range about the floor :
The chimney furniture of plate,
(For iron's now quite out of date :)
Tea-table, skreens, trunks, and stand,
Large looking-glass richly japan'd,
An hanging shelf, to which belongs

---

* A manufactory of tapestry was founded at Mortlake, in Surrey, by Sir Francis Crane, in 1619, under the patronage of the king, who gave £2,000 towards it. Francis Cleyne, the Flemish artist, was engaged to furnish designs, and was granted a pension of £100 per annum and a house to live in. The works were seized by the Parliament, but on the Restoration were again set going by Charles II, who engaged Verrio to furnish designs; but the manufactory was soon discontinued. The corrupt mode of spelling the name of Mortlake in our text, gives a clue to the real locality of Armin's play, *The two Maides of More-clacke.*

† A large vessel, or moving hearth of silver for coals, transportable into any room, much used in Spain.

‡ Perfuming pot or censer.

§ A strong box of some precious or hard wood, &c., bound with gilded ribs.

Romances, plays, and amorous songs ;
Repeating clocks, the hour to show
When to the play 'tis time to go,
In pompous coach, or else sedan'd
With equipage along the Strand,
And with her new beau foppling mann'd.
A new scene to us next presents,
The dressing-room, and implements,
Of toilet plate, gilt and emboss'd,
And several other things of cost :
The table miroir, one glue pot,
One for pomatum, and what not ?
Of washes, unguents, and cosmeticks,
A pair of silver candlesticks ;
Snuffers, and snuff-dish, boxes more,
For powders, patches, waters store,
In silver flasks, or bottles, cups
Cover'd, or open, to wash chaps ;
Nor may Hungarian queen's* be wanting,
Nor store of spirits against fainting :
Of other waters rich, and sweet,
To sprinkle handkerchief is meet ;
D'Ange, orange, mill-fleur, myrtle,
Whole quarts the chamber to bequirtle :
Of essence rare, and le meilleure
From Rome, from Florence, Montpellier,
In filgran casset,† to repel

* *Hungary water* was a famous perfume and restorative, much used at this period.

† A dressing box of *filligree*, or "silver wire-work."

When scent of gousset does rebel,
Though powder'd allom be as good
Well strew'd on, and well understood;
For vapours that offend the lass,
Of sal-armoniack a glass:
Nor brush for gown, nor oval salver,
Nor pincushion, nor box of silver,
Baskets of fil' gran, long and round,
Or if japonian to be found,
And the whole town so many yield,
Calembuc combs by dozens fill'd
You must present, and a world more,
She's a poor miss can count her store.
The working apron too from France,
With all its trim apurtenance;
Loo masks,* and whole, as wind do blow,
And miss abroad's dispos'd to go:
Hoods by whole dozens, white and black,
And store of coiffs she must not lack,
Nor velvet scarfs about her back,
To keep her warm; all these at least
In amber'd skins, or quilted chest
Richly perfum'd, she lays; and rare
Powders for garments, some for hair,
Of Cyprus, aad of Corduba,
And the rich polvill of Goa;

* Loo masks are *half masks*, covering the face to the nose only; and were worn in calm, as *whole masks* were in windy weather.

Nor here omit the bob of gold
Which a pomander* ball does hold,
This to her side she does attach
With gold crochet, or French pennache,†
More useful far then ferula,
For any saucy coxcomb's jaw:
A graceful swing to this belongs,
Which he returns in cringe, and songs,
And languishings to kiss the hand,
That can perfumed blows command.
All these and more in order set,
A large rich cloth of gold toilet
Does cover, and to put up rags,
Two high embroidered sweet bags,
Or a large perfum'd Spanish skin,
To wrap up all these trinkets in.
But I had almost quite forgot,
A tea and chocolate pot,
With molionet,‡ and caudle cup,
Restoring breakfast to sup up:
Porcelan saucers, spoons of gold,
Dishes that refin'd sugars hold:
Pastillios de Bocca§ we
In box of beaten gold do see,

* The pomander was a perforated ball of precious metal, containing scent, which hung to the girdle, and was first used by the nobility in the sixteenth century.

† Any bunch or tassel of small ribbon.

‡ The instrument used to mingle chocolate with the water.

§ Perfumed lozenges, to improve the breath.

Inchas'd with diamonds, and tweeze
As rich and costly as all these,
To which a bunch of onyxes,
And many a golden seal there dangles,
Mysterious cyphers, and new fangles.
Gold is her toothpick, gold her watch is,
And gold is every thing she touches;
But tir'd with numbers I give o're,
Arithmetick can add no more,
Thus rigg'd the vessel, and equipp'd,
She is for all adventures shipp'd,
And portion e're the year goes round,
Does with her vanity confound.

XLVII.

THE VINDICATION OF TOP KNOTS AND COMMODES.

This ballad, "to the tune of *London Top Knots*," is reprinted from a small collection of songs consisting of four leaves only, in the three volumes of old ballads preserved in the British Museum. It is entitled, "*Musick a-la-mode: or the Young Maid's Delight*; containing five excellent new songs, sung at the drolls in Bartholomew-fair. London, printed in the year 1691." There is a small wood-cut in the title-page, here copied of the original size, representing a lady with a *commode*, and in the fashionable dress of the day; with a fan in one hand and a black mask in the other. In

the *Cambridge Jests*, these monstrous head-dresses, which were also called *Towers*, are thus alluded to:—"A Cantabrigian being one day deeply engaged in discourse with a gentlewoman, who condemned the weakness of her sex; 'No, madam,' replied the scholar, 'not so, for if I mistake not, it is easy to prove your sex stronger than ours, for Sampson being the strongest, carried only the gates of the city away; but now-a-days, every female stripling carries *a tower* on her head.'"

THE fops and the fools, like silly night-owls,
They prate, and they talk of our *top-knots:*
We are their discourse, when they drink off their bowls,
And make themselves drunk with their dram-pots.
Their hats were once higher than now are our tow'rs,
Because they were then in the fashion;
Then they were more rogues than now we are w——'s,
Then let them lay by their fond passion.

The fair queen of Egypt she wore a *commode,*
On the top of it was a lac'd Amber,
Which caused Mark Anthony, tho' it was odd,
At night to come to her bed-chamber:
Our masks, and our vails, with our bonny night rails,
Which all our deformities covers,
Make us frisk up our tails, and hoise our fine sails,
And anchor at night with our lovers.

The cuckolds wear horns, with pates that are bare,
There's many such beasts in the nation;

Why may we not likewise make use of our hair,
And raise it in their imitation.
Our laces and rings, with other such things,
We use to obtain the affection
Of all, but of kings, for riches take wings,
But a husband's a woman's protection.

The fumbling old fellows of threescore and ten,
They perriwigs wear to our sorrow:
We take them and wed them, and think they're young men,
Which makes us oft instruments borrow.
Why may we not then (for where is the odds)
Trappan an old fool in his folly?
And make him believe that old Joan, in *commodes*,
Is young, to divert melancholy.

There's many short women that could not be match'd,
Until the *top-knots* came in fashion;
Tho' they wore their shoes high, both painted and patch'd,
And humour'd the tricks of love's passion:
But now by the help of our rousing *commodes*,
They wheedle young men to come nigher;
For a wench that is short, in bed, can make sport,
As well as one twenty yards higher.

Then silly old fops, that kiss but like popes,
And call us night walkers and faries,
Go fumble old Joan, and let us alone,
And never come near our canary's:

We'll wear our breasts bare, and curl up our hair,
And shew our *commodes* to the people;
But, as I'm a w——, if that you talk more,
We'll raise them as high as Bow-steeple.*

XLVIII.

FINE PHILLIS.

FROM *Fine Phillis's Garland*, 12mo., Sheffield, 1745, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. The ballad is evidently much earlier than this date, and as old as the preceding one.

OF a fine young lady
'Tis my meaning to tell:
Her name it is Phillis,
As is known well.
Of all her gay toys
Here I'll make known,

---

* *The Virgin's complaint for want of a Husband*, in the same rare collection, commences with an allusion to this fashionable costume:—

"I'm a lass both brisk and fair,
Sparkling eye, and coal-black hair;
Fine lac'd shoes, and top-knots rare,
Yet no man comes to woo me."

In D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, is a song called *Deil tak the Wars*, in which a girl says:—

"On my head a huge commode sat sticking,
Which made me shew as tall again."

When she stares at the boys
All over the town.

She's a fine lady,
When she's got her things on :
On the top of her head
Is a fine *burgogon.**
A crutch† then on the side,
To show her off neat,
And two little *confidants*,‡
To make it compleat.

Her shabbarons§ next I'll show,
Her sortie,‖ and patches of black—
Her pinners, and commodes¶ so fine,
Of nothing she's got any lack.
No tower, or peruke has she,
But a very fine colleret,*
And her gloves so shiny look,
The best of all she can get.

But how did she get
These things so fine,
Her sparkling dress
Fit for the nine ?

---

* *Bourgoigne*, see note at p. 190. † *Cruche*, see note at p. 190.
‡ See note at p. 190.
§ A corruption of *Chaperon*, the hood.
‖ A hood to wear in walking.
¶ See note at p. 191. * See note at p. 184.

She got all these toys,
  Here I'll make known,
To please the bad boys
  All over the town.

XLIX.

THE BEAU'S CHARACTER.

FROM D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. v, p. 206; where it is described as "set and sung by Mr. Ramondon, in the comedy called *Hampstead Heath*," which was written by Mr. Thomas Baker, and published in 1706.

A WIG that's full,
  An empty scull,
A box of burgamot;
  A hat ne'er made
  To fit his head,*
No more than that to plot.
  A hand that's white,
  A ring that's right,
A sword-knot, patch and feather;
  A gracious smile,
  And grounds and oyl,
Do very well together.

---

* It was the fashion at this time for the beaux to wear the hat under the arm, so that the large powdered perriwig might be uninjured.

A smatch of French,
And none of sense,
All conquering airs and graces;
A tune that thrills,
A leer that kills,
Stol'n flights and borrow'd phrases.
A chariot gilt,
To wait on jilt,
An awkward pace and carriage;
A foreign tour,
Domestick wh——,
And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,
G—— d—— ye, m'am,
A smock-face, tho' a tann'd one;
A peaceful sword,
Not one wise word,
But state and prate at random.
Duns, bastards, c——'s,
And am'rous scraps
Of *Cœlia* and *Amadis*;*
Toss up a beau,
That grand ragou,
That hodge-podge for the ladies.

* Two fashionable French romances, as much read and quoted at this period, as were the *Arcadia* and *Euphues* in the reign of Elizabeth.

L.

A SONG ON A DRESSING FOP.

THIS song is by Tom D'Urfey, and was set to music by Dr. Croft, and sung in the third act of his comedy called *The modern Prophets; or, New Wit for an Husband*, (quarto, 1709). *The Companion to the Playhouse*, 1764, speaking of the play, says: "this piece is an excessive bad one; having no kind of merit but the exposing, with some little humour, a set of absurd enthusiasts, who made their appearance at this time under the title of the French prophets." He has published both song and music in his extensive collection, *Wit and Mirth: or, Pills to Purge Melancholy* (six vols. 12mo. Lond. 1719). The Prologue to his comedy of the *French Coquet*, contains the following excellent picture of the fashionables of the day. Speaking of French fops he says:—

"In apish modes they naturally shine,
Which we ape after them to make us fine,
The late blue feather was charmante, divine;
Next then the slouching sledo, and our huge button,
And now our coats, flanck broad, like shoulder mutton:
Fac'd with fine colours, scarlet, green and sky,
With sleeves so large, they'll give us wings to fly;
Next year I hope they'll cover nails and all,
And every button like a tennis ball."

The enormous wigs which became fashionable after the Restoration, and point the satire in the ballad annexed, are constantly alluded to by writers of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. In D'Urfey's collection above noticed (vol. i, p. 5), is an allusion to the fashionable haunters of theatres.

"——— beau's that in boxes
Lye smuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums."

And it was the custom with them to comb and arrange their

wigs at all public places in order to attract attention. In Wycherley's play, *Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park*, 1672; an exquisite says, "If she has smugg'd herself up for me, let me prune, and frounce my *perruque* a little for her; there's ne're a young fellow in the town but will do as much for a mere stranger in a play-house." In act i, scene 3, of Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, 1663, the stage direction for a group of fashionable gentlemen, is, "*they comb their heads* and talk." Tom Brown, in his *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, has given an excellent description of a beau, who "made a most magnificent figure: his perriwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he bestowed upon it, at least, a bushel of powder, I warrant ye!" A curious satirical work, attributed to the same author, *An Essay in defence of the Female Sex*, 1696, has for a frontispiece an amusing picture, *the complete beau* under the hands of his barber, to which I must refer the reader, as an excellent example of the costume of the day: his wig reaches literally to his waist, and he is adjusting it at the glass while the barber powders it.

I HATE a fop that at his glass
  Stands prinking half the day;
With a sallow, frowzy, olive-colour'd face,
With a powder'd peruke hanging to his wast,
Who with ogling imagines to possess.
And to shew his shape doth cringe and scrape,
  But nothing has to say;
Or if the courtship's fine,
He'll only cant and whine,
And in confounded poetry,
He'll goblins make divine;
I love the bold and brave,
I hate the fawning slave,

That quakes, and cryes,
And sighs, and lyes,
Yet wants the skill,
With sence to tell
What 'tis he longs to have.

LI.

THE RAMILIE WIG AND MUFFETEE.

THE battle of Ramilies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, gave name to a new fashioned wig, invented by some enterprising maker, which immediately became the height of fashion. It was worn bushy at the sides, with a plaited tail, which was tied with a large bow at top, and another at bottom, and was the origin of the pig-tail. The hat had a particular turn of brim, known as the Ramilie cock. Our illustration shews one of these, as exhibited in Hogarth's *Modern Midnight Conversation*, hanging against the wall. The muffetees were small muffs (which appear to have been dyed of various colours), and which were carried by beaux at this period. The following ballad is called *The Ladies' Answer* to one ridiculing their "black hats and capuchins," or large hoods. This ballad I have been unable to meet with. The ensuing is printed from *The Muffetee's Garland*, one of the many in the curious collection of J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

I WONDER what the men can mean,
To trouble their heads with our capuchins,

Let 'em mind their ruffles and muffetees.
Pray, what harm in our black hats is found,
To make them so much with scandal abound?
Why can they not let the women alone,
When idler fashions they have of their own?
With ramelie wigs and muffetees.

For the finical beaux we care not a fig,
At us the fribbles may strut and look big,
In their spencers, bobs, and ramelies;
Their wigs alter their fashion as well as our hats,
Which shews they are full as fantastical fops;
Then cease at the women any longer to rail,
As your whimsical notions are often frail,
With ramelie wigs and muffetees.

He is a blockhead that cannot fare well,
And be contented, but must kiss and tell,
With ramelie wigs and muffetees:
Men for kissing girls are blam'd,
But a woman, if once her virtue is stain'd,
Is afterwards slighted, and held in scorn,
By that very deceiver who made her forlorn,
With his wheedling words and muffetees.

We'll not mind the beaux altho' they look big,
And strut along in their ramelie wigs,
With their long ruffles and muffetees,
And we, in our turn, will laugh at them,
To see such fops and finical men;

And see them folded up like a letter,
And strutting forth like a crow in a gutter,
With their long ruffles and muffetees.

The girls can't have a bit of fun,
But your game on them you must run,
With your scarlet and saxon-green muffetees;
Talking in private was never a crime,
But when we are catch'd it is the first time;
If he that deceived us should us disdain,
We quickly pass for good maids again,
And marry some fop with his muffetees.

LII.

THE RIDING-HOOD, OR "NITHISDALE."

THIS song was composed on occasion of one of the most heroic acts of conjugal love and fidelity, and one of the most cleverly conducted and successful escapes on record. William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, the descendant of a family who had always been celebrated for unshaken fidelity to the house of Stewart, joined the rebel forces in 1715; he was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and sentenced to decapitation:—but by the extraordinary ability and admirable skill of his countess, he escaped out of the Tower on the evening before his sentence was to be executed, and died at Rome in 1744. A circumstantial account of his escape was afterwards written by the countess to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, abbess to the Augustine nuns at Bruges, dated Palais Royal de Rome, 16th April, 1718, which in 1810 was in the

possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq., a descendant of the noble house of Nithsdale, and was published entire in the Appendix to Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs* (8vo., Lond. 1810). It was also edited by Sheffield Grace, Esq., and privately printed in royal 8vo. 1827. The countess, despairing of saving her husband's life, visited the Tower the night before his execution was appointed to take place, and taking two female friends, she adroitly managed to change the dress of one, and put her in clothes conveyed by the other to the prison, while the earl dressed in those she wore, and passed out safely; the countess soon after, appearing to take her farewell, shutting the prison door, and getting away unobstructed. The large hoods worn by the ladies at this time, and one of which was worn by Mrs. Mills, the lady whom the earl personated, contributed in no small degree to defy detection, and the interest which the public took in this extraordinary adventure induced them to apply to this article of dress the name *Nithisdale* for some time after. Our representation of one of them is copied from a print of the period.

This song is reprinted from D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719 (vol. ii, p. 320), where it has the following title:—"The Nithisdale: vulgarly call'd a *Riding Hood*. A poem, on the sudden, timely, and incomparable purpose of the Countess of Nithisdale; who frustrated the dreadful judgment and sentence of the Lord High Steward, and sav'd her husband's neck from the block, February 25th, 1715."

Oh every tuneful bard that sings,
Of ladies wits and ladies things;
Of moulding face, or teeth, or hair,
Design'd to make 'em young and fair;

Let iron hoops not made for show,
Nor whalebone fardingales below,
No more in praise be understood,
But now exalt the Riding-hood.

Our hats with feathers they inclose,
Our coats they wear, and ride like beaus,
Our breeches too they'll quickly find,
And set up then to ape mankind:
But since to take they are so bold
Our cloaks, that shade from rain and cold,
I'll study now the nation's good,
And thus expose the Riding-hood.

It first does cleanliness decay,
And proves a thousand sluts a-day;
Their linnen too all ill may be,
They hide it so as none can see;
Then let the husband, who with strife
Perceives a gallant loves his wife,
Think 'tis for cuckold-making good,
No cover like a Riding-hood.

Thus in our days of life 'twill raise
A hundred tricks a hundred ways;
And now my story to pursue,
You'll see what it in death can do:
'Tis call'd a *Nithisdale*, since fame
Adorn'd a countess with that name;
Whose wit surmounting, firmly stood
All creatures with a Riding-hood.

Her lord for treason all deter,
Who had been dead were't not for her;
King, lords, and commons doom'd his fate,
The Tower his gaol, the warders set,
Petitions could no mercy draw,
And ladies tears impeach'd the law;
All this the heroine withstood,
And baffled by a Riding-hood.

Saturnia gave, with closing light,
The criminal his last good night,
When th' sprightly countess did the deed,
She weep't, she had all in her head.
She dress'd her lord, inform'd his mind,
Made soldiers dumb, and warders blind;
And all the nation prais'd her mood,
For the inchanted Riding-hood.

In spite of ears, in spite of eyes,
Of power and wealth, that crowns our joys,
This rarity of women's mould,
With female Jerking then controwl'd
The great lieutenant bold and gay,
That has good judgment as some say,
Must think his prudent part not good,
Out-witted by a Riding-hood.

Observe this rule, you that have power,
From Newgate's mansion to the Tower,
No more ingage with female wit,
Nor seek to find out their deceit;

For take this grave advice from me,
You shall not hear, you shall not see,
'Till they their rare designs make good,
As now they've done the Riding-hood.

Let traitors against kings conspire,
Let secret spies great statesmen hire,
Nought shall be by detection got,
If women may have leave to plot:
There's nothing clos'd with bars or locks,
Can hinder nightrayls, pinners, smocks,
For they will every one make good,
As now they've done the Riding-hood.

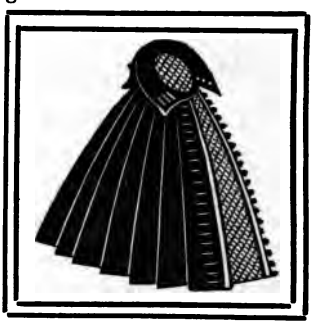
Oh thou, that by this sacred wife
Hast saved thy liberty and life,
And by her wits immortal pains,
With her quick head hast sav'd thy brains:
Let all designs her worth adorn,
Sing her anthem night and morn,
And let thy fervent zeal make good,
A reverence for the Riding-hood.

LIII.

THE OLD CLOAK.

THIS satirical ballad is upon a similar plan to that given on page 177,—but it belongs to Irish history; and is one of those political songs of which so many were published in the early part

of the last century; and to which Dean Swift contributed not a few. It is obtained from the large and curious collection of these broadsides now in the possession of T. Crofton Croker, Esq., who believes it to have been originally formed by the Dean himself. The dates of the purchase of the ballads have been put in by the original owner, and this is so dated 1728. It has a woodcut of the cloak, which is here reduced in size, but in no other way altered. The two short lines, which commence our reprint, are in the original printed beneath this cut, and form the only title of the song.



A merry new joke,
On Josephs old Cloak.

THIS cloak was cut in old Oliver's days. Fa, la, &c.
When zeal and religion were lost in a maze. Fa.
'Twas made by an elder of Lucifer's club. Fa.
Who botch'd on a shop-board, and whin'd in a tub. Fa.
'Twas vampt out of patches, unseemly to name. Fa.
'Twas hem'd with sedition, and lin'd with the same. Fa.
This cloak to no party was yet ever true. Fa.
The inside was black, and the outside was blue. Fa.
'Twas smooth all without, and rough all within. Fa.
A shew of religion, a mantle to sin. Fa, la, &c.
When virtue was ravish'd, and honesty baffled,
And Charles was led like a lamb to the scaffold. Fa.

When treason was high, and loyalty low,
This cloak was a screen to the damnable blow ;
When nothing but anarchy then was in vogue,
And he was most pious that most was a rogue ;
When Charles the Second retreated to France,
And zeal and religion were left in a trance ;
The gowns and the cassocks were broken to shreds,
And politick cloaks set up in their steads :
This cloak was as apt as the rest of the cloaks,
To stifle religion, and blind-fold the folks ;
The owner would pass for a Moses or Aaron,
Tho' falser than Judas, and fouler than Charon ;
Tho' Judas despair'd, we find he repented,
But none ever heard that this traytor relented.
When the king was restor'd, and the kingdom in peace,
And traytors and villains found favour and grace ;
He then thought it proper to varnish his crimes,
And alter his cloak to agree with the times.
New trimmings he straight got, to make up a suit,
And chang'd his long cloak to a double sur-tout :
He flatter'd and cog'd, to be thought of the king's side,
And turn'd his blue doublet from out-side to in-side :
Yet all was not able to wash off the guilt,
The treason he wrought, and the blood he had spilt ;
For that was beyond his fanatical study,
His fore-head was black, and his doublet was bloody ;
This doublet, when dying, demurely he throws off,
And so he bequeaths it unto his son Joseph :
When Joseph receiv'd it the fashion he broke,
And so he converts it again to a cloak,

Which now, by the vamping and turning, did grow as
Short as that old cloak which Paul pledg'd at Troas.
When Joseph betook unto him then a wife,
The cloak he bestow'd unto her for her life,
As being too short, not reaching his ankle,
And so she converted the cloak to a mantle.
This mantle when dying she left Father Chop——
As being but little, and here let it stop.
When Ch——n receiv'd it, to mend the abuse,
He converts it again to its primitive use;
The synod approv'd on't, and so did the godly,
But the cloak was too little, and he lookt but oddly;
At which, being fretted, he ript out the stitches,
Resolving to have it cut out into breeches;
The breeches were made, but too short for his a——,
Which turn'd all the matter again to a farce;
At last he concluded to make it a bonnett,
'Twas made, and it fitted, and I end my sonnet.

LIV.

THE BAND.

From the same collection as the preceding song. It is stated to be "printed at Silver-court, in Castle-street," (1728). It alludes to the introduction in Ireland of the new English fashion of wearing plain *bands*, or neckcloths, in place of the old laced cravat; and which, being brought over by one of the court party, was of course unpopular on the other side; and made odious in

a song called *The Band Ballad*, which imputed a want of national love to all who adopted the fashion. The present song, *An Answer to the Band Ballad; by a Man Milliner*, shews the folly of making the thing a party question to quarrel about. The J——n B——s, of the third stanza, who introduced the fashion, was John Bowes (afterwards Baron Bowes of Clonlyon, Lord Chancellor of Ireland). Serjeant at Law, 4th May, 1727. Solicitor General, 23rd October, 1730. Attorney General, 11th September, 1739. Chief Baron, 15th January, 1742. Lord Chancellor, 6th February, 1761. He died at his house near Drumcondra, 22nd July, 1767. He appears to have been a fashionable man, for in a ballad entitled *A View of the Irish Bar*, Dublin, printed in the year 1729-30. The fourth verse runs thus:—

"There's B———s, a great beau,
That here makes a shew,
And thinks all about him are fools, sir;
He winks and he speaks,
His brief and fee takes,
And quotes for it *English* rules, sir."

THE town is alarm'd and seems at a stand,
As if both the pope and the devil would land,
To devour this whole isle in the shape of a band.
Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

In a lawyer's band too, it is dreaded they'll come,
But I've heard it affirm'd, most devoutly, by some,
That they will with great art the whole lawyer assume.
Which, &c.

Thus it oftentimes has been proclaim'd very loud,
By priest-ridden women, and fools in a crowd,
That their Chevalier St.* would come in a cloud.
Which, &c.

But if you would know whence their clamour arose,
And why a plain band has met many foes,
'Tis because it was first introduc'd by J—n B—s.
Which, &c.

Why should we exclaim against him in a passion,
And his judgment arraign, for beginning a fashion,
Since he fairly appeals in them both to the nation.
Which, &c.

When liberty reigns, then justice takes place,
And true merit never will sink in disgrace,
Nor affection or favour e'er vary the case.
Which, &c.

This pretty new fashion indulge him to wear,
There's no law in bands, I may venture to swear,
But they set off an old fashion face I declare.
Which, &c.

All men who impartially judge must despise
A dwarf, who with gyants presumptuously vies,
And with a false glare would dazzle their eyes.
Which, &c.

---

* The Chevalier St. George, "the old Pretender," and son of King James II.

The commonest prudence most plainly commands
Our tongues to be silent, and peaceful our hands,
Least instead of soft cambricks we wear harder bands.
Which, &c.

If at English examples 'tis our duty to spurn,
We must wear our old brogues, and our shoes we must burn,
Damn dear eighty-nine, and savages turn.
Which, &c.

Or if you'd be reckon'd tight Irish lads,
Throw off your cravats and bands, and tie on your gads,*
And then you'll resemble your primitive dads.
Which, &c.

We may fret, foam, and bellow, with powerfull sense,
Like bulls in a bull-ring, which cost us some pence,
But our bulls against lyons can make no defence.
Which, &c.

LV.

THE LIFE OF A BEAU.

From the dramatic performance by the Rev. J. Miller, called *The Coffee House*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1737. The play met with bad success, as it was believed that the author intended to satirize a particular coffee-house keeper and her

* "A withe, twisted twig, or osier." *O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary.*

customers; this song was, however, more popular, and was set to music by Harry Carey, forming one of the curious illustrated sheets in Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*. It was sung by the famous Kitty Clive, who played the part of Kitty, and introduced the song with "O foh! I hate a beau—a smooth, insipid, tawdry, humming, loitering, do-nothing thing! He would be only fit to be set up in one's chamber like a china-image for show."

How brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
Nor they've nothing to talk of, for—nothing they know:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day but sing, santer, and stare:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing at night to the playhouse they croud,
For to mind nothing done there they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk—nothing aloud:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball;
And for nothing at cards a fair partner call,
For they still must be beasted who've—nothing at all:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear.
They can be nothing no where, who—nothing are here:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

LVI.

THE BEAU BUTTERFLY.

THIS "moral ballad," from a broadsheet of music and words published in the year 1737, resembles in sentiment the last of our songs; and it shews how continually coffee houses were frequented by the beaux of the day. They were the general rendezvous for the idle and the *quid-nunc*, for proof of which I may refer to the curious song, *The Coffee House*, in *The Civic Garland*, published by the Percy Society.

A COFEEE-HOUSE, a parrot-cage,
Holds many a glaring bird,
That prattles all its trifling age
Without a meaning word.

A chaos of disjointed things,
Still roving in its brain,
Now talks of countesses and kings;
Of asses milk and Spain.

Of fashions, France, and Flanders mares,
Assemblys, cards, and plays;
Of setting dogs, and solitaires,*
Intrigues, and wedding days.

---

* The *solitaire* was a broad band of ribbon or silk, worn loosely round the neck, and which continued in fashion for half a century. Anstey notices it in his *New Bath Guide*:—

"Bag-wig, and laced ruffles, and black solitaire.
* * * * *
What can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good ribbon tied under the throat?"

Ah! pretty prattling, empty thing,
Neglect thy gaudy dress,
Adorn thy mind the more within,
And prune thy person less.

Boast not that thus you outward shine,
At Folly's vain expense;
Lament the fate that made thee fine,
And did not give thee sense.

Then wisely learn thyself to know,
Past, trifling hours recall,
And let thy talk from reason flow,
Or do not talk at all.

LVII.

THE HOOP PETTICOAT.

GAY has celebrated this portion of female costume in one of his poems. But the ballad-makers made it the subject of many of their effusions. One of the earliest of these songs, written about 1733, thus commences:

"What a fine thing have I seen to-day!
O mother, a hoop!
I must have one, you cannot say nay;
O mother, a hoop!
For husbands are gotten this way to be sure,
Men's eyes and men's hearts they so neatly allure,
O mother a hoop, a hoop, O mother, a hoop!"

The hoop may be considered as the legitimate descendant of the *farthingale* of the days of Elizabeth; and *hoops* are mentioned

by Gosson and others as early as 1598. About 1711 they re-appeared; and gave the ladies' gown an appearance similar to a bell or pyramid. About 1745 they increased enormously, and attracted universal attention. Both satirists and caricaturists ridiculed the fashion to the utmost, but without effect. There is a curious print, called *The Review*, published at this time, from which we select a figure, as a good specimen of this fashion. The print exhibits the inconvenience of the hoop petticoat in a variety of ways, and how to remedy it. One of the most ingenious, is that of a coach with a moveable roof, and a frame and pullies to drop the ladies in from the top, to avoid decomposing the hoop, which necessarily attended their entrance by the door. Our ballad is reprinted from a collection named *The Female Fancy's Garland*, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., and is entitled, "The wonderful vertues and comical conveniencies of the new fashion hoop'd petticoats"—to the tune of *Oh! brave Popery, &c.*

You beautiful ladys, that follows the mode,
Where ever you live, or take up your abode,
Pray what is the reason you wear such a load
As hoop'd petticoats; monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids?

Black patches, and towers of powdered hair,
Which long time you have been accustom'd to wear,

I think on my conscience could never compare
With hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

So strange and fantastick young ladys are grown,
Not only miss Madam, but Gillian and Joan,
They must have such petticoats never was known ;
Large hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

When ever they walk thro' the streets or the fields,
Supported along by a light pair of heels,
Their coats takes the compass of coach or cart-wheels;
Large hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

I cannot compare this new mode of the town,
To nothing more like, tho' I know they will frown,
Than to a large hog-tub that's turn'd up-side down ;
Large hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

When ever they pass through the midst of a throng,
The people cries out, least they suffer much wrong,
Make room for the madams now trudging along,
With hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

Now some of the vulgar are apt to reproach
Those ladies, tho' young, and as sound as a roach,

With wonder, how they can crowd into a coach,
With hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

When men have said all by the way of abuse,
They shall not be left quite without an excuse ;
Hoop'd petticoats they are of excellent use,
Large hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

I tell you they was not invented for pride,
For when a young miss has a chub by her side,
Should there come a search, straight her spark she
can hide
Under her petticoats ; oh, the hoop'd petticoats, mon-
sterous petticoats, maids.

The bodys of men they are button'd and loop'd,
Thus in their strong coats they are lustily coop'd :
Women are weak vessels, and ought to be hoop'd,
In large petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

As they are weak vessels, and subject to crack,
They are of great use, therefore stand to the tack,
For why should young women such petticoats lack ;
Large hoop'd petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

There's Madam Trugmallion, of Mock Beggars Hall,*
She sets her hoop'd petticoats under a wall,
And lets it sometimes for a cobler's stall;
Oh, rare petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

Two bailiffs one morning pursu'd little Will,
He whipt under one, and was glad to lye still,
As safe and secure as a thief in a mill;
Oh, brave petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

This Will was a barber, distressed and poor,
He got from the bailiffs, they've ne'er seen him more,
These are the best petticoats ever were wore;
Oh, brave petticoats, monsterous petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids.

These was not found out in our forefathers days,
But finding them useful in sundry ways,
Pray let us all sing in the petticoats praise,
Large hoop'd petticoats, delicate petticoats, bouncing
hoop'd petticoats, maids!

* This was a fanciful name for the residence of thoughtless prodigals. In Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads* is a curious satirical song, entitled "Mock-beggar's Hall, with its situation in the spacious country called Anywhere."

LVIII.

THE LADY'S GOWN.

THIS humorous exhibition of vanity in a Scottish country farmer's wife, is printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 225. It seems to belong to the middle of the last century, when hoops of extraordinry dimensions predominated.

I'LL gar my gudeman trow
That I'll sell the ladle,
Cause he winna buy to me
A gude riding saddle,
To ride to the kirk, and frae the kirk,
And even thro' the town ;
Then stan' about, ye fisher jades,
And gie my gown rowm.

I had a bonny branit cow,
That gae a cann o' milk ;
And I hae saul' my branit cow,
And bought a gown o' silk.
There's three raw o' fringes up,
And three raw down ;
Then stan' a little you by,
And gie my gown rowm.

Syne I'll gar my gudeman trow
That I hae taen the flings,
Because he winna buy to me
Sax gowd rings ;

Ane on ilka finger,
And twa upo' my thum ;
Then stan' a little you by.
And gie my gown rowm.

LIX.

HAD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

THIS excellent sample of Highland courtship, including an inventory of articles then considered as desirable for personal adornment, is given from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, vol. ii, p. 161, Edinburgh, 1776. The first edition was published in 1760. The dates of the original composition of the ballads in the volumes are not given, but this one is certainly as old as our preceding song, if not older. No notes, glossarial or otherwise, assist us to the meaning of the phraseology of the song here printed, but a Highland friend, R. Mac Ian, Esq. says, "it is evidently written by a lowlander, who has put *his* version of what *he* considers to be Gaelic, into the mouth of his highlander. I can make this apparent by pointing out the curious mistakes which even Sir Walter Scott has made upon similar occasions; for instance, in Rob Roy, when the assembled highlanders are wailing for the supposed apprehension of their chief, Scott makes them cry *Ochone a Righ*, which being translated, means "Woe's me for the *king*," instead of making them say *Ochone a chridhe*, or "woe's my heart." Again, he calls the Duke of Argyle *Maccallum More*, or the son of *Malcolm* the great, instead of *Mac Caillain More*, the son of *Colin* the great." The ensuing song presents difficulties of the same kind; the notes, however, have been carefully collected to obviate errors as much as possible.

O WILL you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam ?
Or will you hae ta kiss o' me ?
And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her ponny progues,*
Her fecket† plaid, plew, creen, Mattam ?
Her twa short hose, and her twa spoigs,‡
And a shoulter-pelt apeen,§ Mattam ?
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa', frae me, Donald ;
Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough‖
Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam ;
Hersell hae pistol and claymore
To flie ta lallant lown,¶ Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.

---

* The highland brogue was made of the untanned hide with the hair outside, and drawn over the foot with thongs. † Checked.
‡ *Spoigs* are "feet, claws, or ugly legs." § Above.
‖ I can shew a better thigh. ¶ To scare the lowland loon.

Hursell hae a short coat pi pote,
No trail my feets at rin, Mattam ;*
A cutty sark of good harn sheet,†
My mitter‡ he be spin, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me,§ Donald.

Ye's neir pe pidden‖ work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
But shug your lenno in a scull,
And tidel highland sing, Mattam.¶
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
Your jogging sculls and highland sang
Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning when him rise
Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam ;
Sweet milk an ream,* as much you please,
Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.

---

* I have bought a short coat that will not entangle my feet in running.

† Short shirt of strong linen. ‡ Mother.

§ Trouble yourself no more with me. ‖ Told to.

¶ This may mean *sug* (suckle) your *leanabh* (child) in the *sgail* (shade), and sing a highland song to amuse it.

* Cream.

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I winna quit my morning's tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gallic* ye's be learn,
And tats ta ponny speak, Mattam;
Ye's get a cheese, an putter-kirn,
Come wi' me kin ye like, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your Gallic and your highland chear
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye'se pe ket a silder proch
Pe pigger than the moon,† Mattam;
Ye's ride in curroch‡ stead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your highland rarities
You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a protty man like me, Mattam?

---

* *Lochaber Gaelic*, the best spoken.

† These large circular brooches of silver are still worn in the Highlands, and are of great antiquity as a female adornment.

‡ The *curroch* is a light boat of wicker work, covered with a hide, which was used for traversing the lochs, before roads were made in the Highlands.

Sae langs claymore pe 'po my side,
I'll nefer marry tee, Mattam.
O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald;
I wadna quit my highland man;
Frae lallands* set me free, Donald.

LX.

THE BEAU'S RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

THIS excellent epitome of fashionable costume in 1753, first appeared in the *Salisbury Journal* of that year, and was copied thence into the Magazines. It was also printed as a song in stanzas of four lines each, and sung "to the tune of *Derry Down*." A copy of this, and the answer ensuing, is preserved in the Roxburghe collection of ballads.

HANG a small bugle cap on, as big as a crown,
Snout it off with a flower *vulgo dict.* a pompoon;†
Let your powder be grey, and braid up your hair
Like the mane of a colt, to be sold at a fair.
A short pair of jumps, half an ell from your chin,
To make you appear just like one lying-in;

---

* Lowlanders.

† Pompoons were globular flowers formed of floss silk, or feathers, and frequently worn in the hair.

Before, for your breast, pin a stomacher-bib on,
Ragout it with cutlets of silver and ribbon.
Your neck and your shoulders both naked should be,
Was it not for Vandyke,* blown with *chevaux-de-frize;*
Let your gown be a *sacque,*† blew, yellow, or green,
And frizzle your elbows with ruffles sixteen;
Furl off your lawn apron, with flounces in rows,
Puff, and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes;
Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
May decently show how your garters are ty'd;
With fringes of knotting your *Dickey* cabod,‡
On slippers of velvet, set gold a-la-daube;
But mount on French heels§ when you go to a ball,
'Tis the fashion to totter, and shew you can fall;
Throw modesty out from your manners and face,
A-la-mode de François, you're a bit for his Grace.

---

* Jagged edgings, or fringes to the dress, of a triangular form, which were a revival of a fashion occasionally seen in Vandyke's portraits, from which they were named.

† The sacque was a silken appendage to a gown of the same material, which fell from the neck behind to the ground and formed a train; the gown being worn open in front to shew the petticoat.

‡ *Edge your Dicky;* or habit shirt.

§ The high small heels which were cut away to an inch breadth beneath the foot.

LXI.

THE LADY'S RECEIPT FOR A BEAU'S DRESS.

THIS answer to the foregoing satire, is from the *London Magazine* of 1753.

SINCE, sir, you have made it your study to vex,
And audaciously laugh at the dress of our sex,
Pray don't be so blind to the faults of your own,
But let 'em, I say, in the next lines be shewn.

Instead of small caps, you must add small wigs,
The tail of which mostly resembles a pig's;
Put a hat upon that, and point it up high,
As if 'twas an arrow that's aim'd at the sky.

At the corner of which, I pray don't forget,
Hang a tassel of silver, to make it complete;
Let the stock be well plaited, in fanciful forms,
Whilst a fine diamond heart the shirt bosom adorns.

Let the sword-hilt be cover'd with ribbon, good store,
Lest the roughness around make the tender hand sore;
Tho' there's no need for that, for they'll certainly fly
The place where they think any danger is nigh.

His coat is to be but a foot from his waist,
And fix'd as tight too, as if it were lac'd;
In his pockets a housewife and pincushion place,
Not forgetting a glass to admire his sweet face.

With stockings of silk, nothing less can such please,
Bind his legs round with silver an inch above knees,
Hang a tassel to that, or else it won't do,
And in length it must reach half way to his shoe.

His bright buckles of stone, of five guineas price,
To adorn his neat feet, and make him quite nice:
Thus drest and equipt, 'tis plain to be seen,
He's not one jot better than Monsieur Pantin.*

LXII.

MONSIEUR A-LA-MODE.

A satirical effusion on the male fashions, also elicited by *The Beau's Receipt*, and which is here reprinted from the *London Magazine* of 1753.

TAKE a creature that nature has form'd without brains,
Whose skull nought but nonsense and sonnets contains;

---

* A pantin was a puppet of pasteboard strung together, so that by pulling a string it was thrown into a variety of grotesque attitudes. From 1748, when it was first introduced into England, until after the period of our song, it was in vogue among the *beau monde* as a diverting plaything; which was the subject of many satirical ballads and caricatures. They are still sold under other names at the toy shops, but are now properly confined to very young children.

With a mind where conceit with folly's ally'd,
Set off by assurance and unmeaning pride ;
With common-place jests for to tickle the ear
With mirth, where no wisdom could ever appear ;
That to the defenceless can strut and look brave,
Although he to cowardice shews he's a slave.
And now for to dress up my beau with a grace,
Let a well frizzled wig be set off from his face ;
With a bag quite in taste, from Paris just come,
That was made and ty'd up by Monsieur Frisson ;
With powder quite grey, then his head is complete ;
If dress'd in the fashion, no matter for wit ;
With a pretty black beaver tuck'd under his arm,
If plac'd on his head, it might keep it too warm ;
Then a black solitaire his neck to adorn,
Like those of Versailles by the courtiers there worn;
His hands must be cover'd with fine Brussels lace,
With a sparkling brilliant his finger to grace ;
Next a coat of embroidery from foreigners come,
'Twou'd be quite unpolite to have one wrought at home;
With cobweb silk stocking his legs to befriend,
Two pair underneath, his lank calves to amend ;
With breeches in winter would cause one to freeze,
To add to his height, must not cover his knees ;
A pair of smart pumps made up of grain'd leather ;
So thin he can't venture to tread on a feather ;
His buckles like diamonds must glitter and shine,
Should they cost fifty pounds they wou'd not be too fine;
A repeater by Graham, which the hours reveals,
Almost over-balanc'd with knick-knacks and seals ;

A mouchoir with musk his spirits to chear,
Though he scents the whole room, that no soul can
come near;
A gold-hilted sword with jewels inlaid,
So the scabbard's but cane, no matter for blade;
A sword-knot of ribband to answer his dress,
Most completely ty'd up with tassels of lace;
Thus fully equipp'd and attir'd for show,
Observe, pray, ye belles, that fam'd thing call'd a beau.

LXIII.

A-LA-MODE. 1754.

THIS clever description of a lady's most fashionable costume, is from the *Universal Magazine* for 1754.

THE dress in the year fifty-three that was worn
Is laid in the grave, and new fashions are born;
Then hear what our good correspondents advance,
'Tis the pink of the mode, and 'tis dated from France;
Let your cap be a butterfly, slightly hung on,
Like the shell of a lapwing just hatch'd, on her crown;
Behind, like a coach horse, short dock'd, cut your hair,
Stick a flower before, screw, whiff, with an air:
A Vandyke in frize your neck must surround,
Turn your lawns into gauze, let your Brussels be blond,

Let your stomacher reach from shoulder to shoulder,
And your breast will appear much fairer and bolder;
Wear a gown, or a sacque, as fancies prevail,
But with flounces and furbelows ruffle your tail;
Set your hoop, show your stockings and legs to your knees,
And leave men as little as may be to guess:
For other small ornaments do as before,
Wear ribbands a hundred, and ruffles a score;
Let your talk, like your dress, be fantastick and odd,
And you'll shine at the Mall; 'tis taste a-la-mode.

LXIV.

ADVICE TO A PAINTER.

WALLER, Denham and Marvel have made use of the above title to construct a satire, and so made the mode popular. This capital description of female costume, is from the *London Magazine* for July 1755. It originally appeared in the *Salisbury Journal*; as an "imitation of the *twenty-eighth ode of Anacreon*, by Oxon."

BEST of painters, shew thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart,
Draw her as she shines away
At the rout and at the play;
Carefully each mode express;
Woman's better part is dress.

Let her cap be mighty small,
Bigger just than none at all;
Pretty, like her sense; and little;
Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
Be her shining locks confin'd,
In a three-fold braid behind;
Let an artificial flower
Set the frisure off before;
Here, and there, weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the finest sattin.
Circling round her ivory neck,
Frizzle out the smart Vandike;
Like the ruff that heretofore
Good Queen Bess's maidens wore;
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed!
Let her breast look rich and bold,
With a stomacher of gold;
Let it keep her bosom warm,
Amply stretch'd from arm to arm;
Whimsically travers'd o're,
Here a knot, and there a flow'r,
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots, full of fancies.
Flowing loosely down her back,
Draw with art the graceful sack;
Ornament it well with gimping,
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping;
Let of ruffles many a row,
Guard her elbows, white as snow;

Knots below, and knots above;
Emblems of the tyes of love.
Let her hoop, extended wide,
Shew what petticoats should hide;
Garters of the softest silk,
Stockings whiter than the milk;
Charming part of female dress,
Did it shew us more, or less.
Let a pair of velvet shoes
Gently press her pretty toes,
Gently press, and softly squeeze;
Tott'ring like the fair Chinese,
Mounted high and buckled low,
Tott'ring every step they go.
Take these hints, and do thy duty,
Fashions are the tests of beauty:
Features vary and perplex,
Mode's the woman, and the sex.

LXV.

FEMALE ADVICE TO A PAINTER.

FROM the *London Magazine*, August 1755.

PAINTER, once more shew thy art;
Draw the idol of my heart;
Draw him as he sports away,
Softly smiling, sweetly gay;

Carefully each mode express,
For man's judgment is his dress.
  Cock his beaver neat and well,
(Beaver size of cockleshell);
Cast around a silver cord,
Glittering like the polish'd sword.
Let his wig be thin of hairs,
(Wig that covers half his ears.)
  Be his frock quite alamode;
Short, lest his steps it incommode:
Short as his waistcoat was of yore,
When dull men long garments wore.
  Let the ruffle grace his hand,
Ruffle, pride of Gallic land;
Be his waistcoat blue or yellow,
That befits a pretty fellow;
Let it be well trimm'd with lace,
Adding lustre, adding grace.
  Make his breeches of nankein,
Most like nature, most like skin;
Let a ribband deck the knees,
Dangling ribbands always please;
With stockings of the finest silk,
Soft and shining, white as milk.
  Let him wear the nice-made shoes,
Buckling just above the toes;
Buckles of a fashion new,
Bigger almost than the shoe;
Thus equipt he'll far excel
Every beau, and charm each belle,

LXVI.

BEAUTY AND FASHION.

This clever poem, styled "A Repartee," is from the *London Magazine*, April 1762.

Says Beauty to Fashion, as they sat at the toilette,
"If I give a charm, you surely will spoil it;
When you take it in hand, there's such murth'ring and mangling,
'Tis so metamorphos'd by your fiddling and fangling,
That I scarce know my own, when I meet it again,
Such changelings you make, both of women and men.
To confirm what I say, look at Phryne, or Phillis,
I'm sure that I gave 'em good roses and lillies:
Now what have you done?—Let the world be the judge:
Why you daub 'em all over with cold-cream and rouge,
That, like Thisbe in Ovid, one cannot come at 'em,
Unless thro' a mud-wall of paint and pomatum.
And as to your dress, one would think you quite mad,
From the head to the heel 'tis all masquerade;
With your flounces and furbelows, sacks, trollopees,
Now sweeping the ground, and now up to your knees,
Your pinking, and crimping, and chevaux de frize,
And all the fantastical cuts of the mode.
You look like a bedlamite, ragged and proud!
Then of late, you're so fickle that few people mind you;

For my part, I can never tell where to find you ;
Now drest in a cap, now naked in none,
Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan ;
Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff,
Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff ;
Now a shape in neat stays, now a slattern in jumps,
Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps ;
Now monst'rous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats clung to your heels, like a maulkin;
Like the cock on the tower, that shews you the weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together."

Thus Beauty begun, and Miss Fashion reply'd :
"Who does most for the sex ?—Let it fairly be try'd,
And they that look round 'em will presently see,
They're much less beholden to you than to me ;
I grant it, indeed, mighty favours you boast,
But how scanty your favours, how scarce is a toast ?
A shape, a complexion, you confer now and then,
But to one that you give, you refuse it to ten ;
In one you succeed, in another you fail,
Here your rose is too red, there your lilly's too pale ;
Or some feature or other is always amiss :
And pray, let me know when you finish'd a piece
That I was not oblig'd to correct, or touch over,
Or you never would have either husband or lover ?
For I hope, my fair lady, you do not forget,
Though you find the thread, that 'tis I make the net ;
And say what you please, it must be allow'd,
That a woman is nothing unless a-la-mode ;
Neglected she lives, and no beauty avails,

For what is a ship without rigging or sails:
Like the diamonds when rough, are the charms you bestow,
But mine is the setting and polishing too.
Your nymphs, with their shapes, their complexions, and features,
What are they without me, but poor awkward creatures?
The route, the assembly, the playhouse will tell,
'Tis I form the beau, and I finish the belle;
'Tis by me that these beauties must all be supply'd;
Which time has withdrawn, or which you have deny'd;
Impartial to all, did not I lend my aid,
Both Venus and Cupid might throw up their trade,
And even your ladyship die an old maid."

LXVII.

THE MOUNTAIN OF HAIR.

From a collection of songs called *The Mountain of Hair's Garland*, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. About 1760 the fashion of dressing the head in a quantity of large curls, and gradually elevating it, was introduced, and for twenty years it continued on the increase, until in 1782 it reached the extraordinary size depicted in our engraving. In consisted of a heap of tow and pads, over which false hair was arranged, and hung with ropes of pearls, gauze-trimming, ribbons, feathers, and artificial flowers; until it added two or three feet to the stature of the fair wearers.

Such heads, requiring so elaborate and expensive a mode of decoration, were dressed only once a month: and as there was a quantity of pomatum and powder used, insects bred in it, and the description of "opening a lady's head," when it would "keep no longer," given in the magazines of the day, are anything but pleasant, but that they were true is abundantly proved by the recipes, given in works on hair-dressing at this time, for killing insects. Satire and caricature were levelled at this fashion most unsparingly: in one instance the head is laid out like a dustman's ground; a heap of cinder sifters occupy the summit, a sow and pigs nestle in the curls, and the dust-cart "winds its slow way along" the side. In another instance a *Ridotto al fresco* is going on, as if in an ornamental garden, and lovers are enshrined in the ample bows, as if in so many green-houses.* The American war offered new subjects, and in 1776 some caricatures were published representing the battle of Bunker's Hill (converted into *Bunters* Hill) and other engagements; with each upper lock of the hair turned into a fortress, the level part in front covered with tents, soldiers marching with cannon in ambuscade up the curls, and ships ensconced in the club behind.

You maids, wives, and widows of Britain draw near,
I'll sing you a ditty will tickle your ear;

---

* A lady friend informs me that these things were really worn; and are not such fanciful satires as I had imagined them. She perfectly remembers her mother's wearing a sow and pigs in the curls of her high head-dress. They were made of blown-glass, and all sorts of strange things of the kind were stuck upon the hair of that material. Mr. Adey Repton, in his curious paper on head-dresses in the *Archæologia*, mentions "a coach," and "a chair and chair-men," worn upon a lady's head as an ornament, and gives an engraving of one who carries a waggon in place of a cap.

How maids, wives, and widows now fashion their hair,
With fine lappets behind, and mountains of hair.
Fa, la, &c.

My lady she goes to the ball and the play,
She rambles all night and she sleeps all the day,
And then in the evening to church does repair,
With her lappets behind, and mountains of hair.

And Miss Sally also, her own servant-maid,
Who keeps up the jest to keep up her trade;
She shews her white breast, and her bosom quite bare,
With her fine lappets behind, and mountains of hair.

There's millers', bakers', and shopkeepers' wives,
They'll have their hair dress'd to keep up their pride,
The landlady sits dress'd up in a chair,
Her head she can't move for the weight of her hair.

Then in comes the farmer's wife 'mongst all the rest,
"A barber this minute, my hair must be drest;
And if you don't dress it a yard high, I do swear,
The devil may pay you for dressing my hair."

Then in comes the butcher's wife, greasy and fat,
She will have her hair dress'd and what of all that;
A fine leg of mutton, or shoulder, I swear,
She gives to the barber for dressing her hair.

Miss Jenny, they tell me, is breeding a child,
And Molly is left in the same state I find,
And when the young babes comes into their care,
They'll curse their lappets, and d—— their false hair.

Behold the smart quaker that looks in the glass,
Her hair doth all other companions surpass;
You deform your sweet faces, I vow and declare,
You should cut off your lappets, and burn your false hair.

Believe me, dear ladies, you're all in the wrong,
I tell you: and that makes an end of the song;
When your hair's finely dress'd, I plainly do see,
You look like an owl in an old ivy-tree.

LXVIII.

STANZAS TO THE LADIES ON THEIR HEAD-DRESSES.

From the *Universal Magazine* of 1768.

Have ye never seen a net,
Hanging at your kitchen door,
Stuff'd with dirty straw, beset
With old skewers o'er and o'er?

If ye have, it wonder breeds
Ye from thence should steal a fashion,
And should heap your lovely heads
Such a deal of filthy trash on.

True, your tresses wreath'd with art
(Bards have said it ten times over)
Form a net to catch the heart
Of the most unfeeling lover.

But thus robb'd of half your beauty,
Whom can ye induce to sigh?
Or incline for love to sue t'ye
By his nose, or by his eye?

When he views (what scarce I'd credit
Of the sex so sweet and clean,
But that from a wench I had it
Of all Abigails the queen),—

When he views your tresses thin,
Tortur'd by some French friseur,
Horse-hair, hemp, and wool within,
Garnish'd with a di'mond skewer.

When he scents the mingled steam
Which your plaster'd heads are rich in,
Lard and meal, and clouted cream,—
Can he love a walking kitchen?

LXIX.

PALTRY PRIDE.

THIS "new song" is from a collection of ballads in the possession of J. M. Gutch, Esq. of Worcester; and is "printed by J. Butter of High Street" in that city. It is a good specimen of a popular country satire on the enormity of London fashions, so constantly the subject of provincial moralization.

GOOD people of England give ear
To what I'm going to relate,
Concerning these ladies' high heads,
They are got to a terrible rate;
There's pomatum and powder you see,
A great bag of hair hangs behind,
And curtains all over their faces,
Just like a horse with the blinds.

There's Mrs. Nancy you see,
She has a most delicate air,
The devil can't touch her for pride,
As she walks thro' the streets, I declare:
Tho' she is but fourteen years old,
She thinks herself fit for a man;
"Come wed me, young Jemmy," she says,
"And my dear I will do what I can."

There's the ladies of fashion you see,
They'll all have a turn at this pride,
They must have cork rumps, I declare,
And a head as big as a bee-hive,

With a great tod of wool on each hip,
To make them look much in the fashion,
And a bag hanging down to their waist,
I think the devil ought to fetch them.

The farmers' young daughters you see,
In every village beside,
They must have a great deal of hair,
On purpose to keep up their pride;
And when to the market they come,
They cut a most terrible show,
With a bonnet as big as a hay-rick;
We pay for this pride you must know.

Now to make an end of my song,
To tell you the truth I do mean,
I'm sure 'tis a damnable shame,
That their pride should be maintain'd;
For so much as the street-walking hussies
They will have their hair drest you see,
And when they are powder'd and curl'd
They look like an owl in a tree.

LXX.

A RECEIPT FOR MODERN DRESS.

THIS satirical description of male follies in dress is from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1772.

To DESCRIBE, in its dressing, the taste of the time,
(To answer your purpose, and fill up my rhime)
Your choice must be made, for a figure exemplar,
Of a captain, a cit, maccaroni, or templar.

Let his figure be slender, and lounging, and slim,
Confoundedly formal, and awkwardly trim.

Hang a hat on his head, let it squint fiercely down,
And be cut, slash'd, and scollop'd, and par'd to the crown.
Behind this strange head a thick queue you must tye on,
Like a constable's bludgeon, or tail of a lion;
And before, when you try to embellish his hair,
Let your fingers be quick, and your powder be fair;
Be-friz it, and paste it, and cut it, and curl it,
Now slope it in ranges, in rollers now furl it.
For the head of a fribble or beau (without doubt)
Having nothing within, should have something without.

For a coat, give him something so outré in shape,
So awkward, so strange—'twould disfigure an ape;
A thing, nor a coat, nor a frock, nor a jacket—
All waist to the bottom, at bottom all pocket;
What the brain of a Frenchman alone could produce,
Without grace, without ornament, beauty, or use.

For taste, if you mean to display your regard,
Let his breeches be spotted like panther or pard:
Which will prove what old Æsop oft us'd to express,
That an ass may look fierce in a—masquerade dress,
Nor forget that his breeches be roomy between 'em:
'Twill shew that a great deal is wanting within 'em.
Let his shoes be cut forward as far as his toe;
And his buckles be small, and as round as an O.

Thus equipp'd, turn him out to the park or the street,
He will toss with his head, he will sprawl with his feet,
Be as arrant a puppy as S——n or Rolli,
And vie with the blockheads at Arthur's in folly.

LXXI.

THE MACARONI.

THE Macaronis were a class of fops who introduced a particular style of dress in the year 1772. A number of young men of fashion, who had visited Italy, formed an association called the Macaroni Club, in contradistinction to the Beefsteak Club of London. As the fashion at this time was to wear long waistcoats, and coats with wide and heavy skirts, they wore theirs exceedingly short; and the whole dress of very close cut. Their wigs were remarkable for an enormous *club*, or turned-up bunch of hair behind. They had little cocked hats; swords dangling about their heels at the end of long straps, and sticks with large tassels. Their stockings were covered with coloured spots; and their dress generally piebald in the same manner. In 1772-3 an alteration took place in their dress, consisting chiefly in elevating the hair to an enormous height, with large curls ranged on each side of it; and wearing immense bunches of flowers at the breast. They attracted much attention during the few years of their existence. Our specimen of the *genus* is copied from a print published in 1773,—our song from a sheet of music, "the words by Mr. Oakman," printed in 1772.

Ye belles and beaus of London town,
Come listen to my ditty;
The muse, in prancing up and down,
Has found out something pretty,
With little hat, and hair dress'd high,
And whip to ride a pony;
If you but take a right survey,
Denotes a Macaroni.

Along the street to see them walk,
With tail of monstrous size, sir,
You'll often hear the grave ones talk,
And wish their sons were wiser;
With consequence they strut and grin,
And fool away their money,
Advice they care not for, a pin,—
Aye;—that's a Macaroni!

With boots, and spurs, and jockey-cap,
And breeches like a sack O;
Like curs, sometimes they'll bite and snap,
And give their whip a smack O;
When this you see, then think of me,
My name is Merry Crony;
I'll swear the figure that you see
Is call'd a Macaroni.

Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O;
Their senses give unto the wind
To make themselves a fright, O;

This fashion who does e'er pursue
I think a simple-tony,
For he's a fool, say what you will,
Who is a Macaroni.

LXXII.

THE FEMALE MACARONI.

THE introduction of the *Macaroni* style of costume was quite the rage with the town. Every thing that was fashionable was *à la Macaroni*. Even the clergy had their wigs combed, their clothes cut, "their delivery refined," *à la Macaroni*. The shop windows were filled with caricatures, and other prints of this new tribe: there were portraits of "Turf Macaronis," "Parade Macaronis," with "Macaroni Parsons," and "Macaroni Scholars," and a variety of other species of this extensive genus. Ladies set up for female Macaronis; and our cut represents one, from a print dated 1772. Their costume was scarcely so striking and distinctive as that of the men; it was chiefly known by the high head-dress, and large bunch of flowers, and an exceedingly wide and spreading sleeve, hanging with deep ruffles from the elbow.

THALIA, leave the tree-topp'd hill,
And kindly lend your aid;
Let Humour guide the grey goosequill,
While Folly is display'd;
Among the modern fair we'll stray,
And mark the dress in fashion,
For at each auction, ball, or play,
Each shews her darling passion.

No ringlets now adorn the face,
Dear nature yields to art;
A lofty head-dress must take place,
Absurd in ev'ry part.
Patch, paint, perfume, immodest stare,
You find is all the fashion;
Alas, I'm sorry for the fair
Who thus disgrace the nation.

In days of yore, as I have heard,
The ladies' chiefest pride
Was still, with prudence and with care,
What could provoke to hide;
But now,—a different mode prevails
Most singularly new,
The females, with top-gallant sails,
Bring all they can to view.

But let not censure wait the fair,
Old England's joy and pride,
Whose charms may with the best compare,
E'en all the world beside.

A hint may serve:—from one, their friend,
To those more sweet than honey,
Or they'll be laugh'd at in the end,
Each female Macaroni.

LXXIII.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FROM Garrick's musical farce called *May-day, or the Little Gypsey*, acted at Drury Lane in 1775. It embodies a countryman's ideas of London enormities in fashion.

WHAT 's a poor simple clown
To do in the town?
Of the freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.
Let others to London go roam,
Whilst I and my neighbour
Can sing and can labour
To me there is nothing like country and home.

The ladies I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd, and now red.
Law, how you would stare
At the huge crop of hair,
'Tis a hay-cock at top of their head.
Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so 'dizend out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddle and toss,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels and bells in a team.
Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
With lank-waisted chine,
And a skimp bit of a hat,
Which from sun, wind, or rain,
Will not shelter their brain,
Though there's no need to take care of that.
Let others, &c.

Would you these creatures ape,
In looks, or in shape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go,
Let him waddle in gait,
A skim dish on his pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau.
Let others, &c.

To keep my brains right,
My bones whole and tight,
To speak nor to look would I dare;
As they bake they shall brew—
Old Nick and his crew,
At London keep vanity fair.
Let others, &c.

LXXIV.

THE MODERN BELLE.

From the *Universal Magazine*, July 1776.

Muse begin the comic lay,
Sing the female of to-day,
Yet to person be confin'd,
Do not meddle with her mind,
Lest the strange investigation
Cause thee trouble and vexation.
'Twere to seek, alas-a-day!
Needles in a stack of hay;
Void of talents, sense, and art,
Dress is now her better part.
Sing her daub'd with white and red;
Sing her large terrific head,
Nor the many things disguise,
That produce its mighty size;
And let nothing be forgot,
Carrots, turnips, and what not;
Curls and cushions for imprimis,
Wool and powder for the finis;
Lace and lappets, many a flag,
Many a party-colour'd rag,
Pendent from the head behind,
Floats and wantons in the wind;
Many a gem, and many a feather,
A fine farrago all together,
By whose wool and wire assistance
(Formidable at a distance,

As the elephants of yore
A fam'd queen to battle bore)
They with terror and surprise
Strike the poor beholder's eyes.
What a quantity of brain
Must he think such heads contain!
Tho' it prove a false alarm,
Feather brains can do no harm;
Hats that only shew the chin,
And the mouth's bewitching grin,
As intended for a shield
To the caput thus conceal'd:
Surely 'tis an useful art
Well to guard the weakest part.
Shoes that buckle at the toe;
Gowns that o'er the pavement flow,
Or festoon'd on either side,
With two yellow ribbons ty'd:
While a peak-like pigeon's rump
Shews behind she's not too plump;
Heels to bear the precious charge,
More diminutive than large,
Slight and brittle, apt to break,
Of the true Italian make;
For women of bon ton, observ'ye,
Like sugar-loaves turn'd topsy-turvy,
(As their heaviest part 's o'top)
Rest upon a feeble prop,
And, that all mankind may know it,
This about their heads to shew it.

LXXV.

MODERN HEAD-DRESS.

THIS "Humorous Description of a modern head-dress" is by Anstey, the witty author of the *New Bath Guide*, and was published in 1776. He had ridiculed the fashion in the work just named; but in *The Election Ball* he very humorously describes the mode in which a country girl supplied herself with one of these fashionable monstrosities. Her father, who is supposed to be relating the circumstance, says,—she

> "With presence of mind flying up to the garrett,
> Brought down my old wig, that's as red as a carrot,
> And to it she went, dear, ingenious sweet soul,
> Drawing up the old coal till it fitted her poll.
> Then with dripping and flour did so baste it and frizzle,
> The hair all became of a beautiful grizzle;
> Those curls, which a barber would view with despair,
> She did coax, twist, and twine, with such skill and such care,
> With combs, pins, and paste, make such frequent attacks on,
> She triumph'd at length, and subdu'd the old caxon;
> Which done, she the front in a cushion did wrap,
> Till the fore-top stood up like a grenadier's cap."

The whole is concluded by seizing the dunghill cock, and obtaining from his tail the plume to crown the ingenious erection! Absurd as all this seems, it is little less so than the fashion it ridicules.

A CAP like a bat,
(Which was once a cravat)
Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is;
Part stuck upon gauze,
Resembles mackaws,
And all the fine birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest,
A bold Amazon's crest
Waves, nodding from shoulder to shoulder;
At once to surprise,
And to ravish all eyes,
To frighten and charm the beholder.

In short, head and feather,
And wig all together,
With wonder and joy would delight ye;
Like the picture I've seen,
Of th' adorable queen
Of the beautiful blest Otaheite.

Yet miss at the rooms
Must beware of her plumes,
For, if Vulcan her feather embraces,
Like poor Lady Laycock,
She'll burn like a hay-cock,
And roast all the loves and the graces.

LXXVI.

THE LADIES' HEAD-DRESS.

THIS clever satire first appeared in the *London Magazine* for 1777. It was afterwards copied into nearly every magazine and periodical of the day. It was sung at places of amusement, and appears under the title of "Ladies' head and tail dress" in a col-

lection of songs called *Summer's Amusement, or Songs sung at Vauxhall and Ranelagh*; the name, Chloe, being altered to Betty, and the words adapted to a popular air.

Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays
Be those ribbons which hang on her head,
Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze,
And about the whole work be they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind, for a yard at the least;
Let her curls meet just under her chin;
Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest,
With an hundred, instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tuck'd up to the hip on each side;
Shoes too high for to walk, or to jump;
And, to deck the sweet creature complete for a bride,
Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finish'd in taste, while on Chloe you gaze,
You may take the dear charmer for life;
But never undress her—for, out of her stays
You'll find you have lost half your wife.*

---

* The above attack upon the ladies produced, as usual, a

LXXVII.

ALL IN THE TASTE.

FROM "*The Nightingale*, Part I, being a choice collection of songs printed and sold in Aldermary Churchyard"; without date, but evidently the production of the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is in the large collection of these popular garlands and chap books formed by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

YE beaus and ye belles of the city,
Who strive for to ogle the taste,
Give ear to a comical ditty,
In which Lady Fashion is plac'd.
For I'll show you some *taste a-la-mode*,
So we'll term it *a lecture on heads*;
And step into Steeven's road,
In spite of all critical dreads.

---

rejoinder; and the following appeared in the supplement to the *Universal Mayazine* for the same year.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN FOP.

Two tuns of pride and impudence,
One scruple next of modesty and sense,
Two grains of truth; of falsehood and deceit,
And insincerity, an hundred weight.
Infuse into the skull, of flashy wit
And empty nonsense quantum sufficit.
To make the composition quite complete,
Throw in the appearance of a grand estate,
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,
A ring, two watches, and a snuff-box gilt,
A gay effeminate embroider'd vest,
With suitable attire. Probatum est.

First observe the good lady of fashion,
Pray mark but her porcupine head,
With her brains she can settle the nation,
While the poor are a-starving for bread.
Observe but her turkey cock'd-hat,
Pray see how it dwells on her nose,
Which makes her as blind as a bat,
And behind all for nothing she shows.

Miss Polly, just come from her school,
In the fashion must cut a strange figure,
For no more she'll be reckon'd a fool,
When her head it is made something bigger.
And stay-making John play'd his part,
For he's so well fitted her shape,
So she's fairly resign'd him her heart,
And has borrow'd the form from an ape.

Next a man of Bob Derry comes in,
For he, sir's a man of the town,
With an eagle court mark'd on his chin,
And at Dutf—elds all dulness he'll drown.
With a wig of the bull forehead kind,
Whereon Stevens once made a comment,
And opened the eyes of the blind,
And sold wit at twenty per cent.

Pray look at the tub-bottom hat,
See the vertues of Wetherby there,
For the lamp-breaker's magics in that,
You may see it quite plain, I declare.

But leave off, my good, trusty Robin,
For with taste you are always intriguing,
Or by chance you may get a good mobbing,
By the help of young master O'Figgin.

LXXVIII.

THE SHORT BODY'D GOWN.

From a collection of eight pages 12mo., printed at Glasgow by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1801. This ballad, which is devoted to a fashion which was the principal novelty at the close of the last century, alludes to the sudden change made in ladies' waists in 1794, which from reaching nearly to the hips were now carried to the arm-pits; and a caricature represents a lady suckling her baby beneath the waist. The popular ballad of the "Banks of Banna" was parodied with

> "Shepherds I have lost my waist,
> Have you seen my body."

Ye lads and ye lasses of country and city,
I pray you give ear to my humorous ditty,
Concerning the fashion just come from town,
A whimsical dress call'd the short body'd gown.

This humorous dress that's now call'd the mode,
Surpasses all fashions that e'er was in vogue,
There's not a young miss in the country all round,
But must be stuff'd up in a short body'd gown.

Last Midsummer-day Sally went to the fair,
For to sell her yarn. Oh, how she did stare!
Both wives, maids, and widows, in every shop round,
They all were dress'd up in a short body'd gown!

So home in the evening Miss Sally she hies,
And told it her mother with greatest surprize,
Saying, "Two hanks a-day I will spin the week round,
Until I can purchase a short body'd gown."

The mother surpriz'd, only thought it a jest,
Saying, "Sally, your old fashion'd gown fits you best,
So leave this new fashion to folks in the town,
And don't waste your cloth in a short body'd gown."

"O mother, you are a bad judge of the size,
The length that it takes, it would you surprize,
For the breadth of the waste is three inches all round;
That's just the full size of a short body'd gown."

There is Nancy Towlsack, that lives at the Mill,
She told her old mother she would try her skill;
So on her grey mare she rode into the town,
And there got a man in her short body'd gown.

Both maids, wives, and widows, you'd think were all wild,
And all look as if they were got with child;
Neither baloons, nor turbans, or all fashions round,
Will fit them, unless they've a new body'd gown.

LXXIX.

THE PREVAILING FASHIONS.

THIS general satire, on the ladies' fashions at the close of the last century, is given from a small collection of popular songs, printed at Glasgow in 1805 by J. and M. Robertson, who were great printers of penny merriments and popular chap-books; they were the Pitts and Catnachs of Scotland; and supplied hawkers with these welcome "wee buiks" for the peasantry. The short-waisted gowns were fertile sources of satire; which was sometimes not of the most refined nature; and the spencers (worn by both sexes) came also in for a fair share of ridicule. In March, 1796, a caricature was published representing a group of persons wearing spencers, looking at some dancing dogs similarly dressed, the master of whom exclaims:—

"Don't think my puppies stand alone;
If you will make the search, sir,
Puppies at the bar you'll find,
And puppies in the church, sir!

Half-coat pups, and booted pups,
And pups without their hair, sir;
Puppies deck'd in square-cut coats,
And puppies light as air, sir.

Then dance away, my little dogs,
Of mirth the gay dispensers,
Cock your tails at brother pups,
And sport your little spencers."

The Modesty, mentioned in stanza four, was a gauze neckerchief, made to come close round the neck, and set out round the breast like "a pouting pigeon."

GOOD people all, I pray draw near,
In country and in town, sir,
For pride is got to such a pitch,
The world's turn'd upside down, sir;

T

They are contriving ever day,
Their pretty shapes to spoil, sir,
Since short waisted gowns they all do wear,
Their hump-backs for to hide, sir.
So ladies of the fashion now,
Adhere unto my censures,
I have short waisted gowns to sell,
And very pretty spencers.

The servant girls they imitate
The pride in every place, sir,
And if they wear a flow'red gown,
They'll have it made short waist, sir;
They'll have it rumped all behind,
It hangs just like a wallet,
With a scull-cap on their heads,
Just like a Scotchman's bonnet.

It was in London you shall hear,
Upon a certain day, sir,
A lady she was dressed up,
And going to the play, sir,
The blust'ring winds did blow so hard,
Blew off her cap and wig, sir,
With her muff and tippet round her neck,
She look'd like a hairy pig, sir.

Those low-heel'd slippers they do wear,
Their gouty legs to shew, sir;
Their petticoats are fringed round,
They cut a tempting shew, sir;

And when their bosoms you do view,
The truth I do declare, O,
A modesty they all must have,
If ne'er a smock they wear, O.

The farmers' daughters every where,
The truth I do lay down, sir,
They dress as grand, I do declare,
As ladies of renown, sir :
A cap and feather they must have,
And mask all o'er their faces,
Let's hope their pride it will come down,
To linsey woolsey dresses.

FINIS.

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